THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXIV.—No. 963
MAY 17, 1922
Registered at the G.P.O as a Newspaper

ANOTHER TITLE COMPETITION THIS WEEK

MOTOR TYRES AT
1/3 of Present Market Prices
Send your worn tyres to Dept. D.M.Y.
ALMAGAM
MILLS·HARPENDEN
3000 miles guaranteed for the new grooved treads we fit to your old cover
SPECIAL PRICES for STEEL STUDDED TREADS
A RECENT TESTIMONIAL.—LIVERPOOL, 26th March, 1922. "As you made a splendid job of the tyre I sent you in January last, I am sending you a 30/3½ Midland tyre, and shall be pleased to hear if you consider same suitable for retreading.—Yours truly, ——."

BOLLINGER'S
By Appointment to
H.M. KING GEORGE V.
CHAMPAGNE
1914
Vintage

Hotel Rubens
Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1
(Facing the Palace)
AN IDEAL POSITION IN THE HEART OF LONDON
One Minute from Victoria Station.
Hotel Attendant meets all Continental Trains at Victoria Station, to conduct visitors to the Hotel and attend to Luggage.
ALL CHARGES GREATLY REDUCED SINCE MARCH 1
Inclusive Terms by Arrangement.
Bedrooms with Private Bathroom. H. & C. Water Supply in every Room. Rooms with 'Phone & Radiator.
CENTRAL HEATING.
Phone: Victoria 6600. Telegrams: "Rubetelier, Sowest, London."

Dorcas is delightful for Underwear and Baby's garments
WRITE FOR PATTERNS OF DORCAS CAMBRIC, POST FREE.
J. & N. PHILIPS & CO., LTD. Advt. Dept., MANCHESTER.

CORELLI VERMOUTH
Extract from "The Lancet."
"This Vermouth consists of a matured wine, to which has been added certain vegetable extracts, mostly derived from the cinchona family. The analytical results are typical of a good Vermouth. Skilful blending of the flavouring matters has resulted in a very palatable product, which is free from 'harshness' or excessive sweetness."
Wholesale Agents:
EDWARD YOUNG & CO. LTD., London, Liverpool and Glasgow.

Leading Hotels of
ST. MORITZ
ENGADINE SWITZERLAND
GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP of SWITZERLAND
In August, International Lawn Tennis Championships
TROUT FISHING
The Grand Hotel
Engadiner and New Kulm
Suvretta House
The Palace Hotel
The Carlton Hotel

The BEST results are obtained by using
BORWICK'S
The Best BAKING POWDER in the World
for making the lightest Cakes, Scones, Pastries, Puddings, and Pies.
Always insist on having Borwick's!

LUX

WON'T SHRINK FLANNELS.

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

TENNIS PLAYERS who take every care of their Flannels are quick to appreciate the splendid service of Lux. With never a single fault its service is both delightfully easy and effective.

When Lux is used all trace of dirt—every suggestion of the vigour of the game—is quickly removed from Tennis Flannels. And when the Sweater is donned after the game it is always comforting, because Lux keeps woollen textures soft, fleecy and unshrunken.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

Lx 287—34

New Dressing Gowns.

MADE from reliable materials in a wide variety of the latest styles, the new Dressing Gowns now being shown by Jenner's are of particular interest.

The attractive Dressing Gown sketched of rich quality washable Woolback Satin is strikingly moderate in price. Cut on full fitting lines, the sleeves are finished with hand faggoting; fastened at waist with single button. Colours—Primrose, Light and Dark Saxe, Mauve, Pale Blue and Rose. Made by our own workers.

Special Price **49/6**

Jenner's pay carriage.

JENNER'S
PRINCES·STREET EDINBURGH

5/- TO SAVE THE SHIPWRECKED 5/-

WANTED

One Million Men and Women

who will give

FIVE SHILLINGS A YEAR.

That will maintain the whole Lifeboat Service round our 5,000 miles of coast. Last year the Institution received **586,968 Five Shillings,** and the deficit on the year's working was **£110,000.** During the first quarter of this year it has received **128,000 Five Shillings.**

It still urgently needs **872,000 Five Shillings.**

Will you be **"ONE IN A MILLION"?** If so, please send your **Five Shillings To-day.**

LORD HARROWBY, *Honorary Treasurer.* GEORGE F. SHEE, M.A., *Secretary.*

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
22, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

Everything for Everybody's Wear

PETER ROBINSON'S

Charming GOWNS

No. 1791.

Georgette and Satin Evening Gown, with flowers at waist.

Colours: Hyacinth, Rose, Sky, Helio, Lemon, Turquoise, Jade and Black.

6 Gns.

No. 1785.

Smart Gown made of marocain crêpe, with sleeves and side panels of contrasting georgette. Trimmed large studs to tone. Can be made in any combination of shades.

7½ Gns.

These Gowns cannot be sent on Approval.

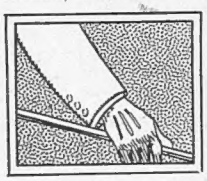
PETER ROBINSON Ltd. Oxford St. W1

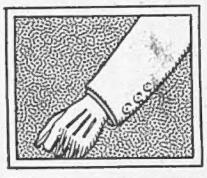
What personal supervision does for your Suit

THE present fashion in cuffs is to cut them rather narrow and with three buttons. Narrow cuffs are fashionable because they go well with soft shirts, the cuffs of which are smaller than stiff cuffs used to be. This is an important little point which tailors less careful than J. & H. Ellis often overlook. You will readily understand that sleeves cut with cuffs suitable for stiff shirt cuffs would leave too much room round the cuff—they wouldn't be smart.

As to coats, three buttons are very smart—the top button is not used, the lapels rolling easily and gracefully—not pressed *flat* as they used to be.

These, and other important little details, obtain the careful attention they deserve at J. & H. Ellis' because Mr. Ellis himself supervises the making of your suit from start to finish; and the cutter and workhand are present at the fitting to see that every particular need that you may express is carefully attended to.





This shows the present fashion in cuffs – three buttons, with the cuff cut rather narrow so as to neatly enclose the soft shirt cuffs now worn without undue roominess.

BLUE SERGE (Colour stands Sun or Sea) or Scotch Tweed Lounge Suit,

£6 6 0

JACKET SUIT, as illustrated above, in black Vicuna for jacket and vest and Cashmere striped trousers,

£7 7 0

J & H. ELLIS

Civil, Naval and Military Tailors,

200 and 201, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

Opposite the Law Courts.

SCOTCH TWEEDS

TRADE MARK SCOTTISH WOOLLEN ASSOCIATION LIMITED

P22

The Wear of a Gentleman

FOR a man to look smart and "well-turned-out" it is not enough for his clothes to be new. A really good and well-made suit or overcoat looks better at the end of its service than a poor one when new. The difference is partly in the cut and workmanship, but also in the material.

Genuine

Scotch Tweeds

are the wear of a Gentleman

Their distinction is unmistakable—whether new or old. You will ensure the genuineness of the material—made in Scotland of Pure New Wool—by asking your Tailor to use Scotch Tweed with the undernoted mark, granted by the Board of Trade to the Scottish Woollen Industry.

TRADE MARK SCOTTISH WOOLLEN ASSOCIATION LIMITED

Issued by The Scottish Woollen Trade Mark Association, Limited, 27 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh

ALL THE BEST PROVINCIAL MILLINERY HOUSES SELL

MAISON LEWIS

PARIS MODEL HATS

THESE MODELS ARE DESIGNED IN MONSIEUR LEWIS' PARIS ATELIERS AND ARE NOT MODIFIED TO SUIT THE SO-CALLED ENGLISH TASTE, NOR IS THE SAME MODEL TURNED OUT BY THE THOUSAND.

MAISON LEWIS,

152, REGENT ST., W. 1.

AND

16, RUE ROYALE, PARIS.

'Phone: 9420 GERRARD. Louise & Co., Ltd.

SHOOLBRED'S

TOTTENHAM HOUSE, LONDON, W. 1.

Ladies' Outfitting Department.

CHARMING HAND-MADE LINGERIE

"Desiree" as illustrated

49/6

A Nightdress of dainty design in good quality crepe de Chine prettily worked faggot stitching at neck and sleeves, and slotted at waist with dainty floral Satin Ribbon, in pale pink and Ivory.

Illustrated List of Fashions in all Departments sent Post Free.

The Charm of a Clear Soft Skin

is a charm possessed only by those who take proper care of their skin by using two creams – Pond's Vanishing Cream in the daytime, to protect from exposure and make the skin and complexion delicately soft and attractive—Pond's Cold Cream at night to prevent the formation of lines and wrinkles and to keep the skin fresh and young.

Pond's (the Original) Vanishing Cream vanishes completely into the skin the moment it is applied. Use it at every opportunity during the day.

Pond's Cold Cream supplements the natural oil of the skin, feeding and cleansing the pores. Apply it to the face, neck and hands just before retiring to rest.

Use these two Creams regularly and guard your skin and complexion from the ill effects of sun, wind and rain.

CAUTION

Some face creams encourage the growth of hair. You are safe with Pond's Creams, which never promote the growth of hair.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

Both Creams of all Chemists and Stores in handsome Opal Jars, **1/3** *and* **2/6**, *also Collapsible Tubes* **7½d.** *(handbag size) and* **1/-**.

Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 101), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Pond's Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream

SAA

Banish the terrors of Toothache & Neuralgia by taking

GENASPRIN

(The Safe Brand of aspirin)

At the first twinge of pain, take two Genasprin Tablets—disintegrated in water—and in a few minutes you will enjoy complete relief from pain.

For *Genasprin*, unlike ordinary aspirin, *is guaranteed to be absolutely pure*—containing none of those "free acids" which frequently depress the heart and impair the digestion.

That is why physicians are daily prescribing Genasprin for

Headache Rheumatism Sleeplessness
Neuritis Gout Sciatica, etc.

Once you have personally tested the wonderful pain relieving properties of Genasprin, you will never be "put off" with ordinary aspirins.

Send this Coupon to-day for FREE SAMPLE

Please send me a Free Sample of Genasprin Tablets and Explanatory Booklet I enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.

Name.....

Address.....

Dept. B.

GENATOSAN, LTD.,
Loughborough,
Leicestershire.

Write to-day for this FREE SAMPLE

All Chemists sell Genasprin price 2/0 per bottle of 35 Tablets.

Beautiful IRISH LINEN

The finest products of Ireland's looms is the linen made by Robinson & Cleaver. Woven from genuine flax, it gives long service and retains its snowy whiteness until the end. As manufacturers, we can give the greatest possible value to our customers.

No. B 205. PURE IRISH LINEN DAMASK CLOTHS AND NAPKINS. Single Damask.

Size 2 x 3 yards .. each	27/3	31/3	37/9
Napkins 22 x 22 ins., per doz	20/-	24/-	28/6

No. B 205. SUPERFINE QUALITY IN PURE IRISH LINEN SHEETS.

Size 2 x 3 yards per pair	57/6	66/-	74/-
,, 2 x 3½ ,, ,, ,,	67/-	76/11	86/3
,, 2½ x 3 ,, ,, ,,	72/9	81/9	96/3
,, 2½ x 3½ ,, ,, ,,	84/9	95/3	112/-

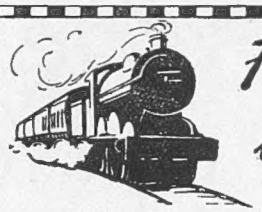
Write to-day for Household Linen List No. 44 T. sent post free. Delivery of parcels guaranteed.

No. B 205 PLAIN LINEN PILLOW CASES TO MATCH.

Size 20 x 30 ins., per doz.	53/3	59/11	71/2
,, 22 x 32 ,, ,, ,,	66/-	71/-	85/-
,, 27 x 27 ,, ,, ,,	69/3	76/-	89/11

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD

LINEN MANUFACTURERS, BELFAST, IRELAND.



From Anywhere to Perth

CARRIAGE PAID BY PULLARS

CUSTOMERS IN ANY TOWN OR VILLAGE—FROM LAND'S END TO JOHN O' GROATS—CAN SEND THEIR CLEANING AND DYEING ORDERS THROUGH ANY OF THE PULLAR AGENCIES OR BRANCHES, SPREAD LIKE A NETWORK THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE FAMOUS PULLAR PROCESSES EMPLOY 2000 EXPERT WORKERS AT THE HUGE WORKS IN PERTH, AND THE PULLAR REPUTATION IS UNRIVALLED FOR QUALITY OF WORK.

SEND YOUR SPRING CLEANING TO NEAREST PULLAR BRANCH OR AGENT FOR FREE DESPATCH TO

AGENT FOR PULLARS CLEANERS AND DYERS PERTH

Pullars of Perth

CLEANERS & DYERS

BURBERRY SUMMER SUITS

Whether READY-TO-WEAR or TO ORDER, are of unprecedented value.

The materials, woven from long staple wools, represent the "pick of the market," whilst the ranges of colourings and patterns—many of which are exclusive Burberry designs—are sufficiently varied as to satisfy every individual taste.

Burberry charges, despite the fine quality of both materials and workmanship, are notably below general West-End prices.

Illustrated Catalogue & Patterns Post Free

SUITS FROM STOCK

To fit every normal figure, made by Burberrys' own workmen.

LOUNGE SUITS 8 GNS.
from fine Cheviots, Saxonies, Vicunas, Serges and Worsteds.

SPORTS SUITS 8 GNS.
(coat and knickerbockers) from Scotch Cheviots, Scottish and Irish Homespuns, in great varieties.

MORNING DRESS 10 GNS.
fine Worsteds and Serges.

EVENING DRESS 12 GNS.
fine quality Worsteds and Botanies.

SUITS TO ORDER

10 GNS. Choice selections of Scotch Cheviots, Homespuns and Donegal Tweeds; new Season's patterns, for Lounge and Sports Suits.

10½ GNS. Beautiful ranges of Cheviot Suitings, with that soft, appealing touch more generally associated with vicuna wools. Also Flannels and Navy and Black Serges.

12½ GNS. The latest designs of "refine" Botany Wools and Worsteds.

14 GNS. Fine Botanies and Vicunas, the softest, kindest and most perfect wools woven. Cloths that carry the impress of perfection in artistic taste and luxurious quality.

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON

Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Agents in Provincial Towns

Burberrys Ltd

Harrods
Fine Perfumery

To the lover of the distinctive in Perfumery, Harrods exquisite 'Sonia' series will make particular appeal. Their Quality and rare fragrance will delight you.

Write for Catalogue of Perfumery

'SONIA' SERIES

PARFUM 'SONIA.' A charming Perfume. In cut and polished crystal glass bottles. 65/-, 35/6 & 19/6

POUDRE 'SONIA.' In six shades: B'anche, Naturelle, Rachel Fonce, Rosee and Soir. Per Case 3/9

'SONIA' DUSTING POWDER. Delicately perfumed. For use after the bath. In artistic barrels. 10/6 & 5/6

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Our Children's Outfitting Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business and has gained what we believe to be a well-deserved reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of its productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert and the materials used are thoroughly reliable.

DAINTY MATINEE COAT (as sketch) for little girl in periwinkle blue taffeta, trimmed tiny tucks, and collar and cuffs of white organdi muslin.

	Price
Size for 2 years ..	45/9
" " 3 " ..	49/6
" " 4 " ..	55/9
" " 5 " ..	59/6

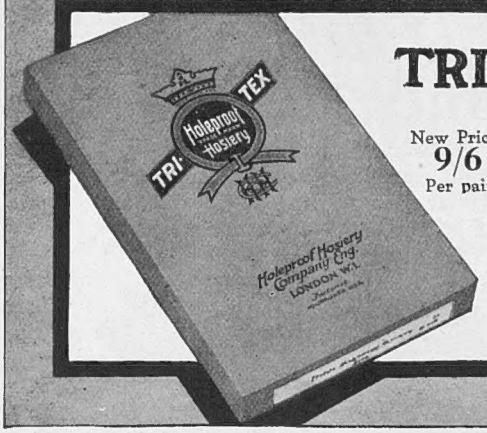
FROCK of fine white organdi embroidered in blue and white, the bodice daintily trimmed insertion and bows of ribbon.

	Price
Size for 2 years ..	84/-
" " 3 " ..	89/6
" " 4 " ..	94/6
" " 5 " ..	99/6

HAT in embroidered muslin, lined net and trimmed ribbon, 69/6

Catalogue post free.

Debenham & Freebody (DEBENHAM LIMITED)
Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London W.



TRITEX SILK-STOCKINGS

New Price
9/6
Per pair

Which shade do you require, Silver, Camel, or Cloud? You need not send money by post; the best shops stock TRITEX. Do not be put off with miserable imitations. Look for the yellow box and the name TRITEX, the original Milwaukee holeproof with fifteen years' reputation. One pair will outwear two pairs of any other make. All colours, one quality, the best.

For nearest Agent write:

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, ENG.
47 & 48, BERNERS STREET, W.1.

£200 PRIZES MATERNITY

FINLAY'S PATENTS (adjustable any size)
FREE PRIZES—£100; £50; Two £25. 26 Consolation Prizes.
Every purchaser stands equal chance of winning.
Last £100 prize won by Billie Behrendt, 7, Gill St., Saltburn.

D.53. **GOWN**

Handsome Maternity Gown. In fine quality serge and beautiful silk poplin. All colours. Instantly increased ¼ to 16 ins. Hangs gracefully and imparts slim appearance throughout maternity period. Can be worn before or after maternity as ordinary garment. Also made to order in Silk, Satin, Crepe-de-Chine and Gabardine from **42/-** to **9 Gns.** **42/-**

B.200. **SKIRT**

Smart Tailor-made Maternity Skirt. Instantly increased ¼ to 16 ins. Gives smart appearance throughout maternity period. In splendid quality Tweeds and Serges guaranteed to wear well. Fits beautifully round waist and hips and hangs gracefully. Can also be supplied in fine quality Serge, all wool Gabardine, and variety of other materials. From **15/11** to **4 Gns.** **15/11**

CORSETS

Royal Maternity Corset. Recommended by the medical profession. The Fasbrand Royal Maternity Corset is health-giving. Supports and preserves the figure, giving perfect comfort. Also supplied at **21/-, 31/6, 42/-.** Also in Silk Broche and Silk Elastic, **3 Gns.** **14/11**

Write for particulars of Prizes, also
FREE WONDERFUL BABY BOOK (*EVERYTHING FOR MOTHER AND BABY*)
Fashions Bulletin and Patterns of Latest Materials—Post Free. *Money instantly refunded if not delighted.*
All enquiries should be addressed to:—
FINLAY'S, 153, Houldsworth St. (Top Oldham St.) MANCHESTER.
[London Showrooms: 47, DUKE STREET (facing Selfridge), W.1.]

EXQUISITE
OSTRICH PLUMES
DIRECT FROM
SOUTH AFRICA

THREE lovely white thick curled Plumes, 22, 20 and 16 inches in length, all specially selected first grade Plumes, will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom postage paid and securely packed on receipt of postal order for

70/-

THREE beautiful natural uncurled Plumes, 22, 20 and 16 inches in length, first grade pure white. Suitable for Jazz Fans or Hat Covering. Sent to any address in the United Kingdom, postage paid and securely packed on receipt of postal order for

55/-

RUCHES, BOAS, RUFFLES, FANS, &c.
Prices on Application.

ALLEN THOMPSON & SON,
EXPORT DEPT. "C,"
12, LONG STREET, CAPE TOWN.
Reference:
National Bank of S. A. Ltd., Circus Place, London, E.C

Exide
BATTERIES.
Cost little more than ordinary Batteries, but give infinitely greater satisfaction.

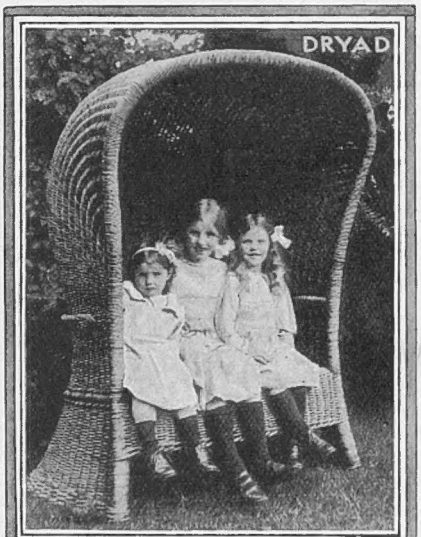
NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE ROUTE TO PARIS

and all parts of France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, etc. Two express services daily from Victoria (L.B. & S.C.R.) 10.0 a.m. and 8.20 p.m.

DIEPPE FOR WEEK ENDS

CHEAP TICKETS issued every Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, 70/10, 50/10, 30/10. From Victoria (L.B. & S.C.R.) 10 a.m. (1 & 2 cl.) and 8.20 p.m. (1, 2 & 3 cl.). Excellent golf links, charming surroundings, good bathing. Casino open during the season. Passports not required for week-end visit.

Particulars from Continental Agent, L.B. & S.C.R., Victoria Station, S.W.1.



A DRYAD HOODED CHAIR tempts one into the garden and adds to the pleasures of summer. Catalogue post free Dryad Works, Y Dept., Leicester

Exhibiting at the Leading Agricultural Shows

Fit and Fresh all Day

Don't let fatigue spoil your sport. Substitute one of the MILLS' SPORTSMAN'S SEATS for a walking-stick, and rest firmly seated whenever opportunity occurs. Made in various designs. From sports dealers or direct.

MILLS' MUNITIONS, LTD.,
BRIDGE STREET WEST, BIRMINGHAM.

SHOOLBRED'S

TOTTENHAM HOUSE, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1.

NEW SUMMER HATS

Details of the Model illustrated.

The Stanton. A Smart Hat with crown of fancy straw. The turned back brim is partly covered with fancy ribbon finished on the right side with a long loop and smart pin. Can be made in various colours 49/6

CORSETS

Our Corset Department offers quite exceptional advantages to customers. It is under the control of a clever corsetière, who personally designs every pair of corsets offered for sale. The result is that ladies are able to buy inexpensive corsets made on the most scientific principles from thoroughly reliable materials. We have a wonderful stock of lace, broderie anglaise, silk tricot, and ribbon Corselets. We are also specialists in Children's Corsets, Riding Corsets, as well as for all kinds of sports.

CORSET (as sketch) made of good quality striped cotton tricot, very lightly boned, low at bust, long over hips, buttoning at each side of front.

PRICE **73/6**

In silk tricot, **5 Gns.**

CORSELET (as sketch) made of Irish crochet lace and insertion, lined with net, finished ribbon shoulder straps, **38/6.**

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.

Sent on approval

Dainty Scotch Knit 'Alba' Jumper

Is knit from pure Alpaca wool in a pretty lacy stitch with charming touches of contrast produced by the rib introduced in artificial silk—as follows: White / Sky, Black / White, Saxe / Rose, Sky / White, Grey / White, Lemon / White, Champagne / Copper, Putty / Saxe, Brick / Black, Helio / Purple, similar quality also without stripe,

Price 49/6

Second quality without stripe Lace Alpaca wool—in shades of Light Brown, Maize, Amethyst, Silver, etc.

Price 38/9

This is an example of the Famous range of 'Alba' Scotch Knit Sports Wear. A selection of this or any 'Albas' sent for approval on receipt of a reference or remittance.

Send for new colour illustrated Catalogue.

GREENSMITH DOWNES
145, George Street, Edinburgh.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

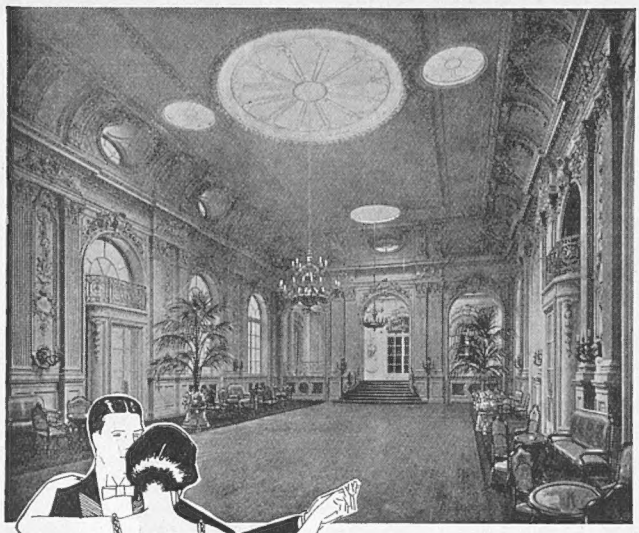
ATTRACTIVE SCARVES for Sports Wear

Correct Scarf for Sports Wear in Vicuna Cashmere made in all shades of Grey, Fawn, Brown, Saxe, Lemon, Rose, Purple, Green, White, Shrimp, Cham and Black. Also with contrasting stripes.

25/9

Spring Cleaning
We have made a special study of this important subject in all its branches. Special estimates given for cleaning, renovating or replacing blinds, carpets, loose covers, bedding, etc.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W. 1.



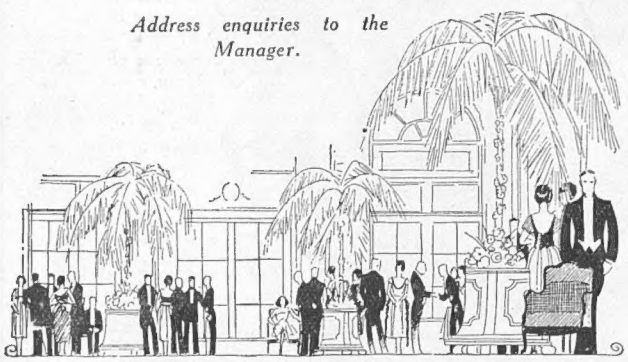
Dancing in the Palm Court

of the HOTEL CECIL — one of the finest and most elegant ball-rooms in London. The floor is perfect and the Music unsurpassed.

Cecil Dinner - Dances become more popular every day.

Dancing Every Evening from 9—12. (except Sunday).

Address enquiries to the Manager.



HOTEL CECIL

'Phone: Gerrard 60.

Telegrams: "Cecelia," London.

D 773

A GOLFING HOLIDAY

Without a peer!

AT

DORNOCH, SUTHERLAND.

Dornoch is one of the official "Best Courses" and is known as "The Paradise of the Golfer." Golf at Dornoch is indeed Golf under ideal conditions, and means a bracing, healthful holiday amidst pure Highland air and beautiful surroundings.

THE STATION HOTEL

is now open for the season. The First Tee of the Golf Course is just at the Hotel Gate. In the grounds are Tennis Courts, Croquet and Bowling Greens.

Write to the Manageress, Station Hotel, Dornoch, or to Mr. H. H. Ward, Manager, Highland Railway Hotels, Inverness, for A. B. C. Guide and Tariff.

EXCLUSIVE CREPE DE CHINE

CAMI-KNICKERS

THIS smart Cami-Knicker has been specially designed by our own artist, and made from really high-class materials by our own skilled workers.

Write for Catalogue.

CAMI-KNICKER (as sketch) made in pure silk crepe de Chine. skirt falling in points from elastic at side of waist, bodice trimmed with fine guipure lace and crepe de Chine shoulder straps. In Pink, Lemon, Mauve, Ivory, Gobelin-Blue, Black.

PRICE

45/9

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.

1822 1922

HENRY HEATH LTD
ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF HAT MAKING

By Appointment
To His Majesty the King & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

Henry Heath Ltd., respectfully beg to announce the CENTENARY of the business which will take place on Monday, May 22nd.

To celebrate the event they have entirely reorganised and rebuilt their extensive showrooms at 105-109, Oxford Street, W.

An invitation to inspect their new salons is cordially extended, and all the latest models and shapes of Ladies' and Gentlemen's headgear can be seen.

Every visitor during the ensuing 21 days will be asked to accept a beautifully illustrated souvenir volume entitled "ONE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER" by GEORGE R. SIMS containing a most entertaining history of the firm.

105-107-109 · OXFORD ST · W ·

D. H. Evans & Co LTD

A REAL PANAMA FOLDING SPORTS HAT

PLIABLE CROWN & BRIM

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In White or Natural trimmed Black Ribbon.

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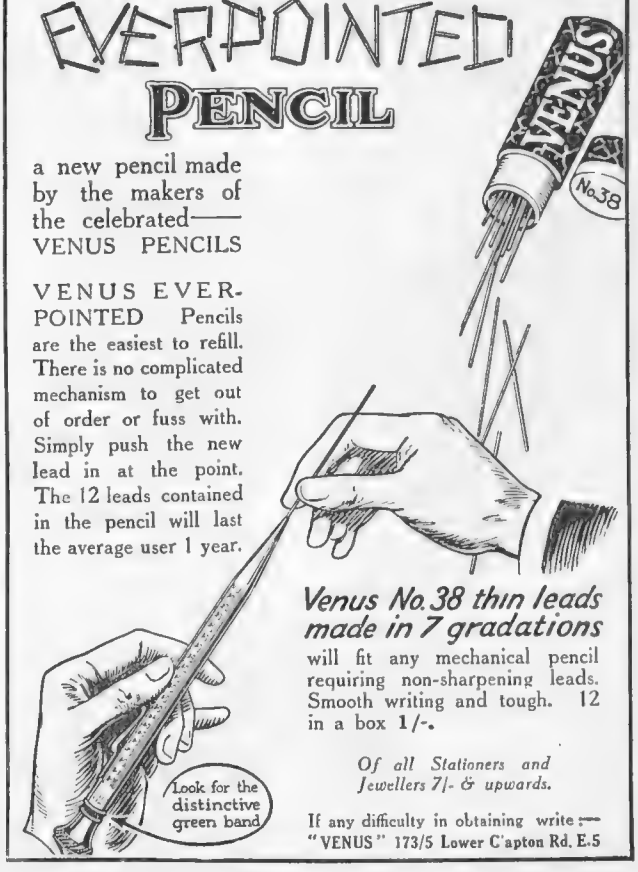

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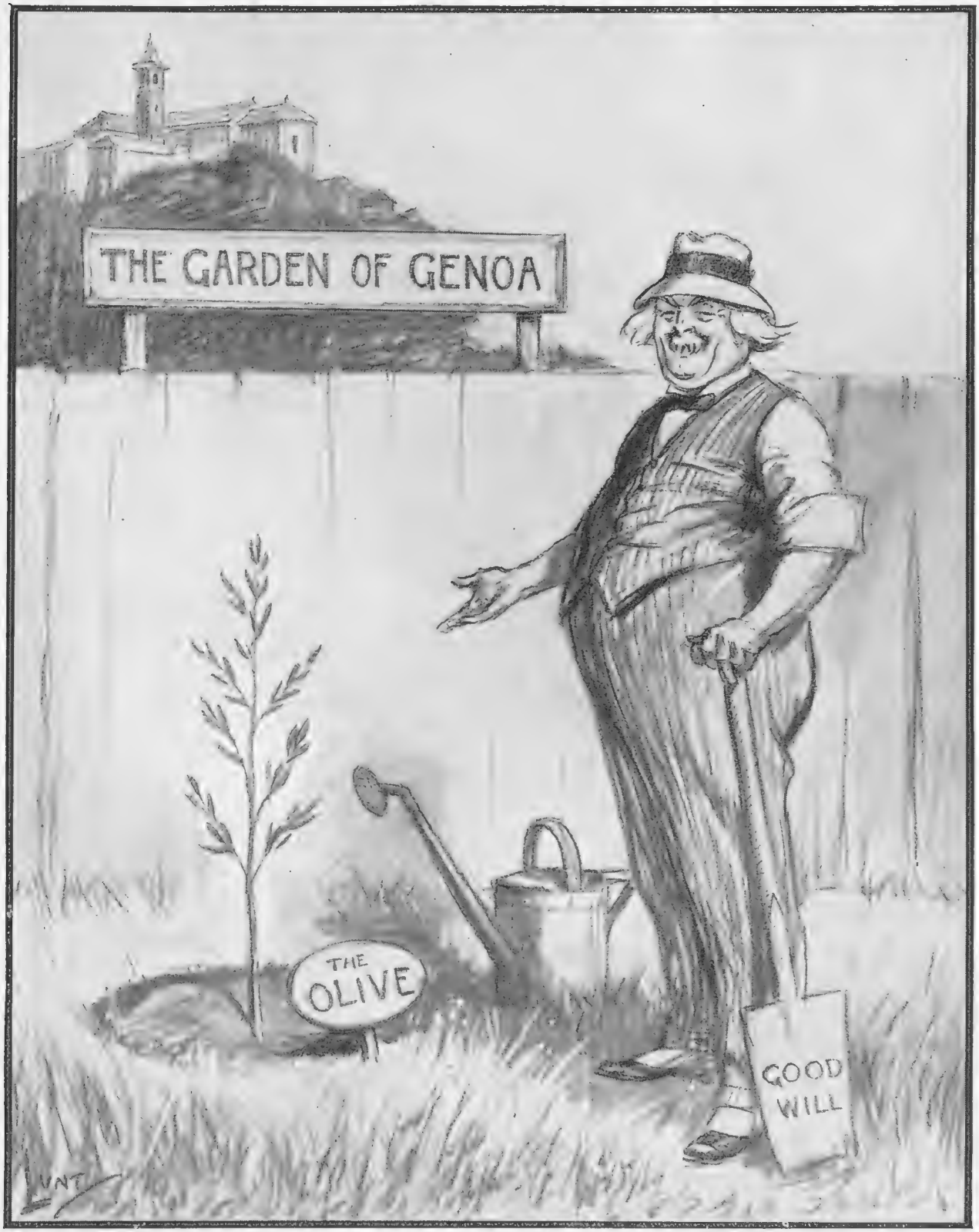
The BYSTANDER



BY WILMOT LUNT

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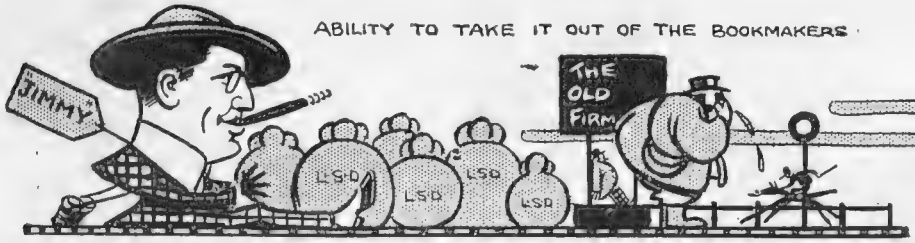
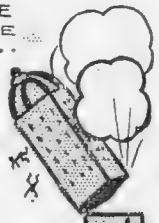


BYSTANDER COMMENTS

RETURN TO THE FASHIONS OF THE MIDDLE AGES...



Those Narrow Boots

I ACCEPT with a certain reserve the statement in my morning paper that women are cutting off their toes in order that they may the more easily adapt themselves to the new fashion in narrow boots. Evidently we are threatened with a return to the fashions of the Middle Ages, when the toe of the shoe was so long and supple that it could be turned up and fastened to the belt of the wearer. Woman owes much of her emancipation to the simplification of her wardrobe, and she is, apparently, tiring of competing with the men, now that she has shown how easy it is to prove herself their equal. Or is it that the dictators of Fashion, being men artfully *camouflaged*, are luring her back into that state of dependence from which she has only recently emerged ?

May Marriages

THE old, old question, "Is May an unlucky marriage month ?" has cropped up again, and I am still speculating on the motives which prompted one married man to reply that: "May is no more unlucky than any other month."

"Noises Off"

THE absence of real live actors robs the "movies" of a good deal of romance, for you can't hang about the stage door of the Scala in the hope of seeing Lilian Gish step into her costly limousine. But let us not forget that there *are* flesh and blood heroes of the shadow stage who play their humble parts in the scheme of things. There is, for instance, the splendid fellow who makes noises "off," thereby adding verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative :

> Not his to tread the classic boards,
> To shoot down Indians in hordes,
> Or dash about in funny Fords,
> Faster and faster!
> He is the sound of horses feet
> That canter gaily down the street
> On frosty mornings when the Meet
> Welcomes the Master.

Problem Pictures

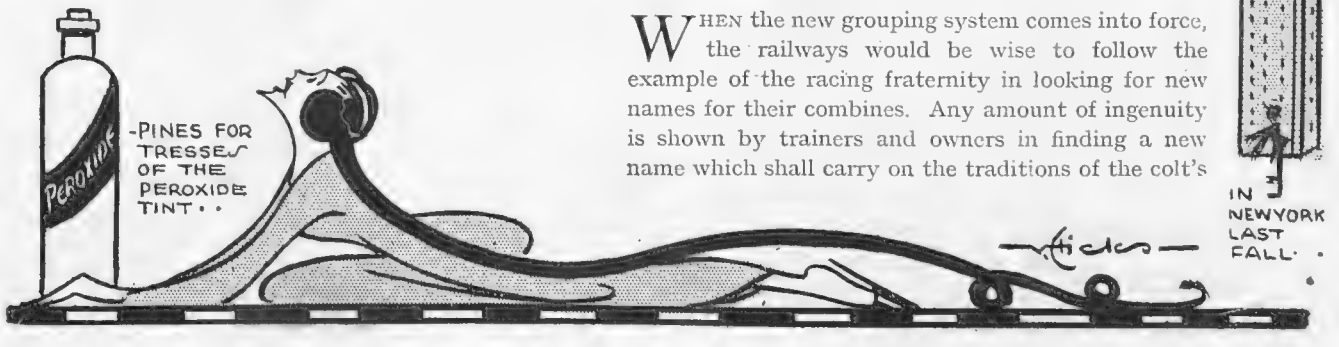
THE fashion started by THE BYSTANDER in problem pictures has spread to Burlington House, and visitors to the Academy are trying to solve the problem set by Mr. Philip Connard in his picture, "Why ?" The picture shows a man and a woman who are deep in thought, while a cat contemplates some birds in a cage. One can only suppose that the artist is a moralist who wishes to drive home the great truth that human birds are better in the cage of matrimony—more especially when the cat is about. And yet, somehow, I don't believe Mr. Connard meant us to draw any such deduction from his essay in the enigmatical.

Standard Flappers

WHEN I was in New York last Fall I was very struck with the large numbers of smartly dressed young women to be met with in the Fifth Avenue neighbourhood. Their numbers and their smartness appeared quite exceptional and I was, therefore, very interested to find Mr. Gordon Selfridge —just back from America—similarly impressed. He describes them as "a new kind of flapper," but he is unable to say where they come from or to what class of Society they belong. The extraordinary thing about these "standard flappers" is that they all dress exactly alike, and as you meet thousands of them in the course of a few minutes, the effect is paralysing.

The Brightwestham Railway

WHEN the new grouping system comes into force, the railways would be wise to follow the example of the racing fraternity in looking for new names for their combines. Any amount of ingenuity is shown by trainers and owners in finding a new name which shall carry on the traditions of the colt's



BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

forebears, and it is possible for any member of the public to make a shrewd guess at the pedigree of the latest Turf favourite.

Mr. James

TALKING of racing, I wonder how much the extraordinary popularity of Mr. James de Rothschild with the general public depends on his ability to take it out of the bookmakers. Apart from giving money away in charity, this is Mr. "Jimmy's" favourite hobby, and he sets about his task with a gusto that is delightful to behold. When it became known that he had inherited another million or so under the will of the late Miss Alice de Rothschild, we were all of us as pleased as though the money had passed into our own banking account.

THE SHILLING OFF By VICTOR HICKS
"Parting is such a sweet sorrow"

Backing the Winner

NOW that women are going in for betting on a large scale, it is interesting to note that they are careful not to make the same mistakes that men have made so long. They don't waste time studying form, or asking what horse won such-and-such a race at the last meeting but one. Instead, they stick a pin through a list of starters or put their money on the mount carrying the prettiest colours. And, as a result, they find more winners in a week than a man does in a month of Sundays. I have, myself, stuck a pin through a list of Derby "probables," and you will be interested to hear that Lord of Burghley may win—if one of the others doesn't.

Powers of Perception

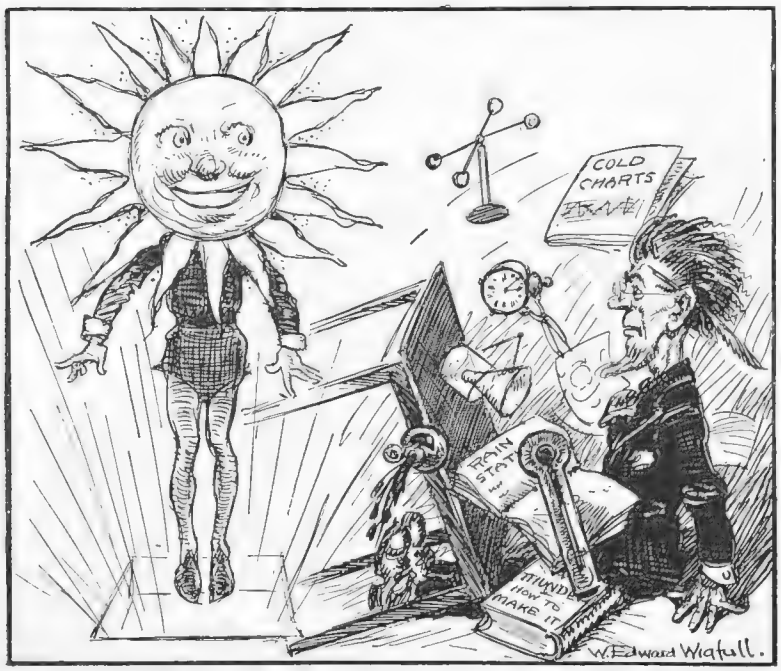
SOME bookmakers—those who have been "stung" by the lady backers—will tell you that women are able to find the winners because they have an instinct for such things. We have heard a lot of woman's instinct, but the average man doesn't believe in it as a potent factor in life, and has no doubt whatever that he is well stocked with the same commodity. I wonder!

Woman has wonderful powers of perception
But man is more marvellous still;
He knows what a visit to Brighton has cost him
As soon as he settles the bill.

He takes out his typist to Simpsons or Ciro's
And knows who is going to pay;
And when he gets home with the milk in the morning
He knows what his missus will say!

"Who's Who in the Theatre"

SOME people will tell you that there are too many theatres in London, but a glance through the new edition of *Who's Who in the Theatre* does not support this theory, for it would surely need a playhouse every hundred yards to accommodate all the players whose biographies are here set forth by the tireless historian of the stage who has been responsible for this bulky volume. Once again, the genealogical tables compiled by Dr. J. M. Bulloch, editor of *The Graphic*, are an absorbing feature and illustrate the influence of heredity upon the stage of to-day.



By W. E. WIGFULL
CLERK OF THE WEATHER: "Now look what you've done, upsetting everything like this—and it'll sure to snow to-morrow"

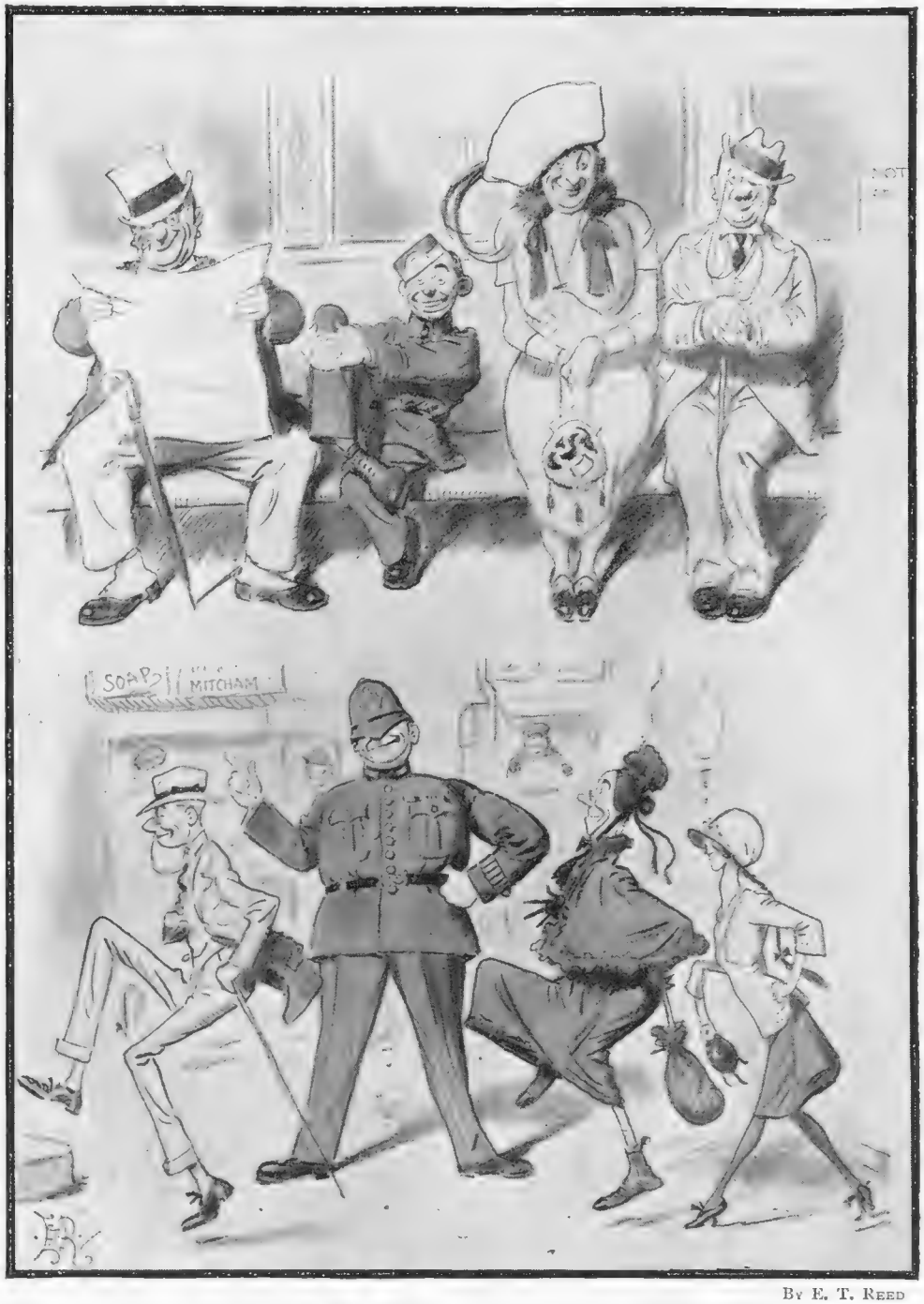
Children of the Imagination

THE attitude of an author towards his work is always interesting. One man will turn it out and leave it to look after itself, while another will follow its career with an interest that is almost pathetic. I do not include in the latter class those egotists and conceited fellows who are for ever talking about themselves. It is merely a matter of loving your work and doing what you can for it, quite apart from sordid considerations of notoriety or gain. Sir James Barrie is one of those who have never done mothering the children of their imagination, and to this pleasing trait we are indebted for the reprint of his St. Andrews Rectorial Address, which made such a popular appeal when it appeared in the columns of the daily Press. "Courage," as the little book

will be called, should be bought and read by everybody.

Self Plagiarism

Of course, this devotion to the bantlings of one's brain can be carried to excess, and here, again, Sir James is an example of the sort of thing I have in mind. Now that *Dear Brutus* has been revived, playgoers are finding to their surprise that the setting of the first act bears a strong family resemblance to that of *Shall We Join the Ladies?* Cynics may suggest that the author, being a Scotchman, prefers to economise in ideas, but this is not the case. Having hit upon an idea that appeals to him, Sir James cannot bear to leave it on the shelf, and we may yet find it cropping up again in other plays. W. S. Gilbert was equally loyal to ideas that had rendered him good service, his heroes developing quite a gift for being changed at birth and coming into their own in the second act.



By E. T. Reed

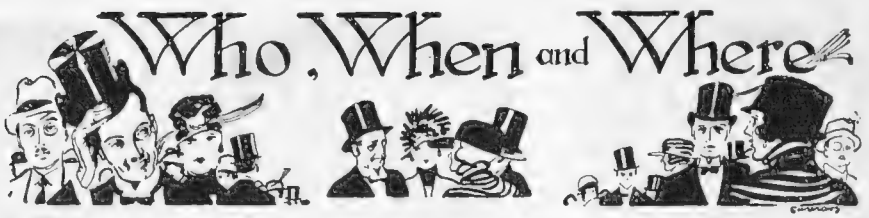
IS IT A MERE FIGMENT OF OUR ARTIST'S FANCY—
—Or *are* there *really* signs of a more jovial spirit returning?

Blonde *v.* Brunette

Why this prejudice against girls with fair hair? A lady who was appearing in a little family affair before the magistrate at Bow, referred to another lady in these terms: "She's like the rest of the golden-haired fairies—she can't be trusted!" And yet, knowing such prejudice against the blonde sisterhood to exist, every beautiful brunette in the country pines for tresses of the peroxide tint. Many of them go so far as to assist nature in this direction, while the rest eat out their hearts in secret longing. Is it a true saying that the blonde cannot be trusted, or was the good lady of Bow giving vent to her spleen because she was jealous of the golden-haired fairy? Left wondering!

When Brothers Fall Out

All London has been chuckling quietly over the squabble between the brothers Melville, which has resulted in the closing of the Lyceum Theatre for such a lengthy period. It now seems probable that the famous old house may be put up to auction, and we may find the two brothers bidding against one another for its sole possession. Years ago, when I coveted a certain standard lamp, I confided the fact to a friend of mine, but at the subsequent auction I was run up to a figure in excess of its real value, and had to let it go. That evening my friend brought along the lamp, and apologised for the price he had had to pay because "some obstinate bidder" had stuck to him so persistently. It is an expensive hobby to bid against yourself—or your brother—as the Melvilles may find to their cost.



BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *Bertram Park*

LADY ENID VANE

The widow of Captain the Hon. C. Vane, and a daughter of Lord Westmorland, whose engagement was announced last week to Captain Turnor, M.C., of the 17th Lancers. A first-class polo player, he is one of the Turnors of Stoke Rochford, and a first cousin of Mr. Christopher Turnor, the head of the family. Lady Henrietta Turnor, his mother, is a sister of the late Lord Galloway

Feathers and Trains

THE announcement that trains and feathers are to be worn at the Court in early June has pleased everybody—the he's as well as the she's.

You may think the he's don't come into the matter, but, bless you, they do. A rose by any other name may smell as sweet, but when a woman goes to Court her menkind, and especially her husband, like to see her in full panoply, with all the war-paint on.

Feathers and trains we know were abolished the year before last with the sole idea of saving expense to those who attended Courts. But, if your memory goes so far back, you will recall that your BYSTANDER told you then the economy was only on paper. The three feathers that sway so prettily upon the heads of youth, beauty, middle and old age, are a mere bagatelle in cost. Court trains last some women for a life-time, and serve for their daughters and daughters-in-law. I know of one train that has gone to Court in three reigns.

If a woman wants to be extravagant over a Court dress, the absence of a train is not going to stop her. On the other hand, what I may call a "family train" very often makes a dress possible that could not be worn without a train.

As for the effect of a trainless, featherless Court, well, the function is shorn of half its grace. I am told that one of the reasons for the harking back to the old garb is the unfortunate figure cut by many dames in short, trainless gowns when they made their curtsey. A woman may be a Hebe or a Venus, and have the most beautiful feet and ankles, but I defy her to look graceful in such garb—especially from the back view—when sinking to the ground in a deep curtsey—the angle made by the crossed feet is particularly ugly.

With a train the deep curtsey is a most graceful sight; the feathers and the flowing veil give dignity, too. But no matter how thin or the reverse a woman may be, her train saves her physical traits from being *trop accusés*, as the French neatly put it.

There were some real figures of fun at the last Courts. Again, trains add enormously to the pomp and dignity of the Court. There's all the difference in the world to a woman between walking along the strip of carpet in a dress just above the ankles to the King and Queen, and "sailing" down that strip with a train trailing behind her. At the last Court a great dame said what a great many other women thought, but didn't know how to express it.

"I felt like a peacock whose tail had been cut off!"

So once more *débutantes* will be practising their entrance into the Throne Room with the schoolroom tablecloth fastened round their waists, and once more the dancing mistresses will have to give instructions in the real Court curtsey, plus the management of the train. Yet how few women get that deft little kick of the left heel which frees both feet from the train for the curtsey.

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

VISCOUNTESS GORT

Lady Gort, the beautiful wife of Viscount Gort, a gallant and distinguished Guards' officer (a V.C. and a D.S.O. with two bars), who is one of the distinguished patronesses of the Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel next Monday, the 22nd, in aid of the Enham Village Centre for Disabled ex-Service Men. Viscountess Gort has two children, a girl and a boy

A "Butler de Luxe"

IF the American film producers who give us scenes of life in English country houses continue to make "howlers" in the ways, dress, and duties of English servants, it will not be the fault of Mr. Charles Green, who is described by the *American Weekly* as "butler de luxe of the oldest families of the British aristocracy." According to our American contemporary, Mr. Green has been giving the "movie" directors some

Photograph *Central News*

HIS MAJESTY IN BRUSSELS

The King, in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, with Monsieur Franck, the Belgian Minister for the Colonies, at the Museum of the Belgian Congo, which the King and Queen visited during the Royal sojourn in Brussels last week. The Congo Museum is about 6 miles outside the city, at Tervueren.

Photograph *Vandyk*

THE ROYAL VISITORS WITH THEIR ROYAL HOSTS

Their Majesties King George, Queen Mary, and King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, before the gala banquet at the Royal Palace in Brussels last week, which was the outstanding event of their Majesties' tour. Nothing to surpass the brilliance of this great reception has occurred in the magnificent ball-room, ablaze with two thousand lights that hung from the roof like iridescent gardens of crystal, where the banquet was held, for many years. It was historic

winged words of advice. First, "Nobody in aristocratic British high life will engage a butler of enormous size, with huge girth of waist, and he would be discharged instantly if he appeared with mutton chop whiskers." Then, "It is the parlour-maid's duty to go around with a feather duster—no butler carries a feather duster any more than he carries a shot-gun." And, "The mistress of a British town or country home does not give orders to the butler with dramatic flourishes."

But, more than the size and mutton chop whiskers of the film butler, his behaviour distresses Mr. Green. "On the screen I have seen every rule, every tradition, every refinement of the art of correct service cruelly smashed in reproducing a dinner scene in an aristocratic English establishment." But Mr. Green is doing the best for the honour of his calling. "What can be more distressing," he asks, "than to see a butler in full evening dress at nine o'clock in the morning?" He then says:

"I have had great difficulty in convincing directors that a parlour-maid would never be seen passing the dining-room door; that cocktails are not served in the correct English establishment; that to have a single footman in knee breeches would be preposterous; that an English butler would as soon think of jumping off the Tower of London as to wink at a parlour-maid during the service of dinner; that the footman who would serve a plate with his right hand would be incontinently ejected from the castle by no less a personage than the butler himself."

All quite sound except the ejection of the footman and, perhaps, the cocktails—well, in some houses where, to do Mr. Green justice, you wouldn't expect it. But why does it all seem so comical in print?

People Who Don't Get There?

THE last day for sending in applications for the Enclosure at Ascot is the last day of this month. But it is only the forgetful or late arrivals from abroad who tarry so long. The big rush comes directly the announcement is made.

People make a great mistake about the Enclosure. Many imagine that because they have been presented at Court they have a right to a voucher. But there is no right in it at all. The enclosure is the King's private affair. That is why the invitations are not

Photograph *L. N. A.*

LADY WODEHOUSE

Playing at Hurlingham in the Ladies' Singles in which she was defeated by Miss Seager. Her husband, Lord Wodehouse, whom she married quite recently, had the misfortune to break his wrist playing polo last week. During play, he was accidentally hit on the wrist by Mr. Buckmaster's stick. This will incapacitate him for some time, unfortunately. He will be much missed.

issued by the Lord Chamberlain, but by Viscount Churchill, who deals with the vast correspondence at the Lord Chamberlain's Office.

Last year the Enclosure was uncomfortably crowded with the result that this year applications will be subjected to an even closer scrutiny.

In a changing world the Enclosure at Ascot marks more definitely than anything else the people who are in Society and those who may appear to be and are not. This is the reason why in certain households the reply to the application is waited with a feverish anxiety. The receipt of the voucher may be the crown of years of effort, the coping stone—in a piece of cardboard—to an edifice of ambition. Or it may be a sign against which there is no appeal that the innermost door is still closed.

Your "climber" meets the problem of Ascot in two ways. If she realises she has no chance of a favourable answer, she says racing bores her, or makes some other excuse, and makes no application. This is your wise "climber." Her unwise sister makes the application, and when she receives the intimation that all the available vouchers have been allotted she either falls ill or is summoned to the country to a sick relative.

Before the invitations are sent out the list is sent to the King and Queen and as those invited are their Majesties' personal guests the scrutiny is close. Sometimes the winnowing is painful—to the winnowed.

What's in a Name?

If you keep your eyes open and your tongue silent there is endless amusement to be had in watching the *démarches* of people who are determined at all hazards to be numbered amongst the elect. Money, of course, is the first essential. But although money can do a good deal it can't do everything, especially in the beginning.

The decayed countess and other "women of title" who made a livelihood by launching the newly-rich have rather fallen into disrepute—so many of her friends have ceased to be socially valuable because they no longer have any house in the country or a big house in London. But there are other methods, and one which is being worked very successfully just now is so astute and far-seeing that it compels admiration.

The name of a dame of wealth and the family name of a peer are the same, but there is no relationship. Meeting a scion of the peer's family the wealthy one made herself especially agreeable. To cut a long story down to its essentials she "cultivated" the other lady's acquaintance. One was rich; the other poor.

Photograph *Alfieri*

LADY BEAVERBROOK TAKES A HIGH ONE

Playing with R. Lycett in the Open Mixed Doubles at Hurlingham last week Lady Beaverbrook and her partner secured some hard fought sets. She is the wife of one of the "millionaire newspaper proprietors," Lord Beaverbrook, who has done such sterling work for Canada

A hundred little attentions—the loan of a car, visits and all that sort of thing, brought the acquaintance to the stage when the rich woman could suggest the use of Christian names. And now, without a word having been said or any suggestion made by one or the other, the rich woman is generally regarded as a distant relation of the peer's family. And that in itself is an "open sesame" to many doors that would have closed against her simply because she wasn't known.

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

MARRIAGE OF SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON'S DAUGHTER

Rosamund, the only daughter of Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, after her marriage to Lieut. W. Lockett Agnew, R.N., at Holy Trinity, Paddington. Lieut. Lockett Agnew is the eldest son of Mr. Leonard Agnew, of Peover Cottage, Knutsford, Cheshire

Clothes and the Man

It is odd that a sumptuary order regarding evening dress in the theatre should come from Paris where things used to be as haphazard in that respect as they are with us now. But the Paris Opera people have put their foot down. Those who take seats in

(*Continued on page 425*)

Galloping Sketches by Major

Sir Lionel Alexander, the only club Secretary in the world with a smile that won't come off

E. J. Sampson as he looks to a spectator. To an opponent he is like Carpentier to Kid Lewis

Mr H. Matthews, Chairman of the House Committee, has a few happy wrinkles round his eyes, and many more in his head

Capt. E. E. Hardie, whose second instalment shows him to be golf secretary

Lord and Lady Denman who play———

———tennis with a title to fame

Mrs. Hunter, who plays tennis with a band on her head and brains inside it

Fred, who mixes cocktails with smiles

Miss Holman, with whom I would never play tennis except on the same side of the net

No. V.—AT THE LONDON COUNTRY CLUB

which evening dress is obligatory must wear evening dress.

I wonder if any of our managers will take their courage in both hands and make the same insistence. Before the War one would not have been allowed in the stalls of any West End theatre in tweeds or blue serge. Now, in some theatres even the dinner jacket and black tie is sparse and very dotted about.

At the Opera this year there is a funny mixture. Some men are resplendent as in the old days in white tie, white waistcoats and tails; some in dinner jackets, and some—the larger part—in day garments. Myself, I wonder the women don't object. Our evening clothes are not things of beauty, but in the mass they make a most effective setting to women's gowns, and there is something oddly stuffy and fubsy about a theatre where stalls and dress circle show soft collars, sailors' knots, and lounge suits instead of the formerly orthodox black and white.

Some quaint-minded men, I believe, look upon dressing for the evening as undemocratic. But if you change your clothes for the evening what is the difference between putting on another day suit or your evening clothes?

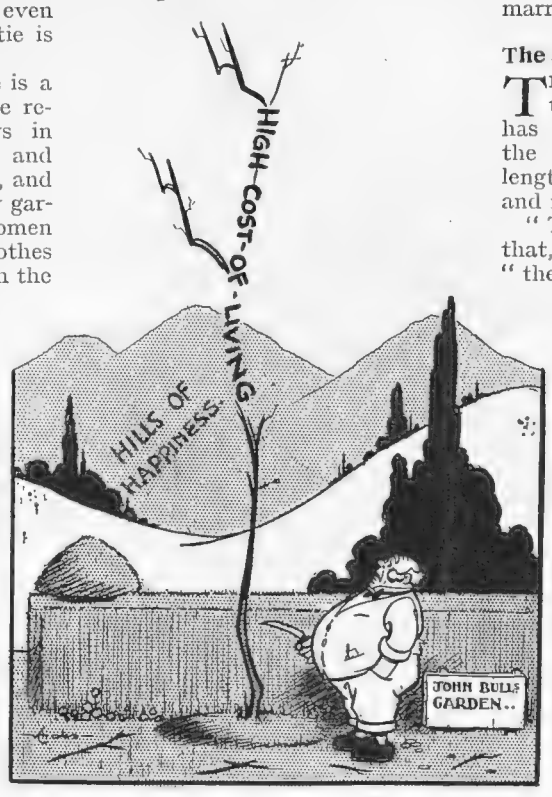
I heard that a theatrical manager said he dared not enforce the old rule because so many of the people who now bought stalls and dress-circle seats were so unaccustomed to wearing evening clothes that they did not even possess them.

What Next?

LAST week I resisted the temptation to say anything about the newest craze of the wildest women because, although I had heard various rumours, I did not accept them seriously. But you and I can't be behind the times.

There's a grotesque story going about of a secret society of women whose object is to subjugate man. No such society exists, but the rumour undoubtedly had its origin in the voicing of opinion by some of the more "advanced" women. This opinion I heard at a dinner-party from a clever—and, I thought, until that evening, a common-sense—woman.

She and her friends (oh! don't you know the kind?) contend that men have made such a muddle of external and internal affairs that the only hope for the regeneration of the world is a return to the matriarchal system, in which the woman was head of the family, head of the clan, and head of the State.



By Victor Hicks

SPOILING THE VIEW

"A little more pruning, I think"

It is turning back the hands of the clock with a vengeance. When Cæsar went into "hither Gaul" he found tribes living under matriarchal rule. You get the same plan in Tibet and Polynesia to-day—in both places, I understand, all the brothers of a family have to marry the same lady!

The Matriarchal Spinster

THE matriarchal lady—who, by the way, is a spinster Time has kissed very heavily upon the brows—held forth at some length on the descent of property and name through the mother.

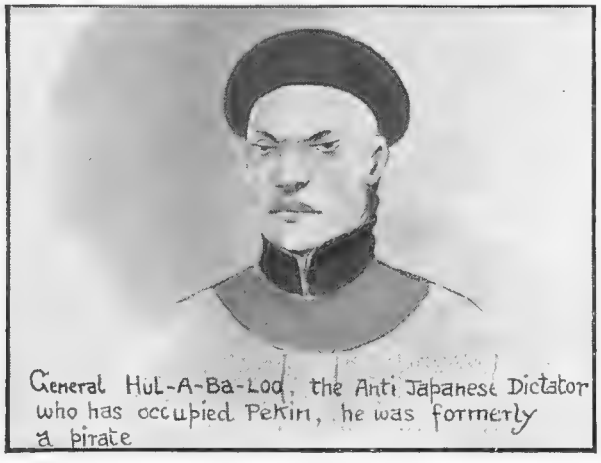
"There's something to be said for that," snapped an old lady opposite, "there are few things in this world we can be certain about, but one is your mother." Then, quite irrelevantly, she added, "I think it is a great pity women were ever given the vote."

"But why?" gasped the matriarchally inclined spinster.

"Because you would all be fussing over that, and it would keep you quiet. You wouldn't have time to think of all this nonsense."

Collapse of the matriarchal spinster and a hasty change of conversation. But, my friends, I ask you? Think of us all under a matriarchal rule! Your faithful Bystander would exist no more, because the *monde où l'on s'amuse* would be swept away; the matriarchs would allow no bystanders in any path. Life would be just like cramming for a competitive examination. Can't you see it? However, there is this comfort—we shall all be in nice, comfortable moss-lined graves before the matriarchs seize all the reins.

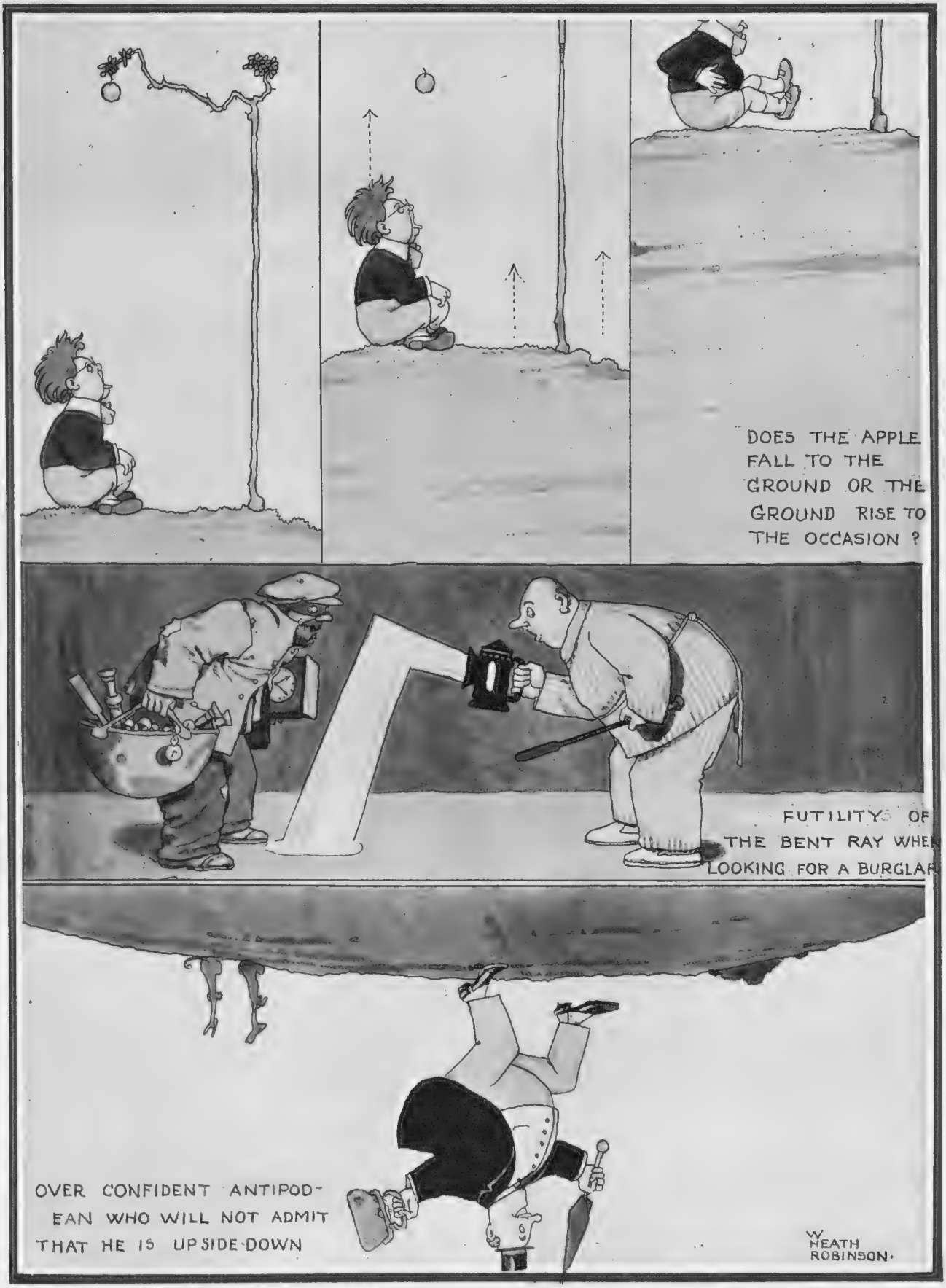
One laughs, but isn't it odd, this wild, unreasoning passion for change, change at any price, amongst a certain type of woman?



By Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CHINESE GENERAL

Einstein Idiosyncrasies



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

RELATIVITY—AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING

?

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

A prize of Five Guineas is offered for the best title to this picture. *Full particulars on page ii*

THE ERRANT GOLFER

No. 7. at Cooden Beach

By Dell Leigh

Illustrations by Oswald Cuningham

I HAD doubts from the first if I could stay the course. I had no idea by how many furlongs. It began during a lunch at the Berkeley one fateful Friday. Somebody's birthday or something. They called themselves the Four Just Men. A Stock Jobber (an amusing man with a dear-stalker's eye); a Motor Engineer; a Chair manufacturer from Wycombe; and a man with a large interest in Cinemas. A *fortissimo* quartette. I was the *pianissimo* fifth.

"Never played at Cooden? My dear chap——" The sentence trailed off. The wine waiter had got between us. "Better come down with us this afternoon. Chuck all this rotten writing. Fine golf. Cheery crowd; eh, you fellows?" The jury were unanimous.

"What train are you catching?" I sought feebly an avenue of escape.

"Train? Don't be funny." He pointed out of window with a fish knife.

I saw two large cars on the Piccadilly kerb. One full of suit-cases and clubs.

You can't stand out against the Four Just Men when they are bent on a thing, and I was pressganged into the party. I sent a note by a page-boy to my flat in Arlington Street for some clothes, and on a perfect June afternoon we slid towards the Sydenham heights. The Chair-Manufacturer, old enough to be my father, had taken an apparently accustomed seat by the chauffeur and was peacefully asleep. Storing up reserves of energy, as I subsequently found.

I learned of Life, orthodox and illicit, from the other three, and there was, I remember, a pause somewhere in Sevenoaks. The Jobber had said:

"Must have one *here*. Most important. It's been ten years in wood!"

I crawled stiffly out, awed by the solemnity of the moment. . .

We dined regally at Tonbridge. The hotel was thrown open to them, as to Princes. They came through nearly every week-end, it seemed. A portion of the cellar was their own reservation. And in the unreal light of a June moon we purred across the smooth breast of the Sussex Downs, dropping tranquilly down past historic Battle to the Dormy House. None too soon for me. They played poker until the small hours, I found; but I was to play over a strange course next day and—well!

When Lord De La Warr built the Cooden Beach Dormy House he conferred a boon upon the London golfer. I was in a sublime bed when the Chair Maker, large cigar in mouth, made morning hideous for me with:

"Come on, old thing, you're timed off at 9.50. Big crowd here s'morning."

I found Fred Robson, the big "friend of all the world" in his shop, being inveigled into an expensive-looking four-ball for the afternoon. Hearing my own name connected with it, I feared the worst.

"First-rate fellows, these men. I must come down again"

There is no question of your being a stranger at Cooden. You are enveloped in a haze of hospitality the moment you arrive. I wasn't feeling much like my handicap, but was solicitously paired off with one of those "about 8." gentlemen. You know the kind. Takes a pawky iron where you brandish a brassy, and knows all the sheep by their Christian names. This breezy optimist had a disconcerting habit of hitting the pin with his approach shots so that the ball flopped down like a poached egg on to the green. There was just enough money on to make me quiver at my three-foot putts, and with a defeat of

5 and 4 I took shelter on the Club verandah and pondered on the Four Just Men.

There they were, coming down the hill to the magnificent 18th, banging great iron shots on to the green. As fresh as paint in the gruelling sun. And they went to bed at 2 a.m. Wonderful. And I could give them all years in age.

"The hotel was thrown open to them, as to Princes"

The Jobber approached, saying cheerily, "Two pounds I owe you, Bob, and thirty-eight shillings you, Pa; right What are you fellows having? I want something long."

At this rate what *I* wanted was a third single to London.

The afternoon, hectic with gambling, passed into the peace of the cocktail hour. As a guest you are squeezed into a fifteen-foot Bar with fifteen hosts. There is not room for you to get to your breeches pocket, even if you want to. I did not. But, of course, the real subtlety of the matter lies on the 18 hole putting course after dinner. I had not heard of that.

"Putting Course? Yes. I'll putt you for five bob a hole, rather. Of course."

And so, in the blissful cool of the evening (they have got some Dow's '84 at Cooden), you saunter across the fragrant grass, cigar in mouth, a very god from Olympus. First rate fellows, these men; I must come down again. Rather.

But you can't putt! Your five shillings find the hole every time. But your ball, never. This irritates you, man of your low handicap. Confound it all, this is absurd. Ten bob on the next hole with you, damit! Or thirty bob to ten on the next three. Right! . . .

Only next morning, coming out early, to get your hand steady again, do you realise the ups and downs and squiggles of that incomparable putting course. It is a brave man who putts himself against a Cooden veteran. I write as one who knows—and pays.

The Four Just Men, considerably better off, drove me back to Town on Monday. I hated leaving. I wanted to master those putts, and then get some of my creditors down to Cooden.

Arrived in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, there was another solemn moment.

The Motor Engineer had had it in wood since his father's time. . . .

I hailed a taxi frantically. "Y.M.C.A. Headquarters." I told the man.

It was my only joke that morning.

The Four Just Men eyed my departing figure wistfully, as that of a good man gone wrong. D. L.

The last of this series will be published in our issue of May 24:

"AT BUDE."

Photograph] THE ART OF THE FOIL [*Photo Illus. Co.*

A bout during the annual competition for the Savage Shield which took place in Lincoln's Inn Gardens recently. The holders were the London Fencing Club and the result was a win for the Royal Automobile Club, who defeated the Army Fencing Union in the final by eight victories to four. The R.A.C. Team consisted of F. R. de Bertodano (Captain), C. C. H. Drake, C. B. Notley, and H. L. Whitehouse

A Romance of Geneva

THONON

Once the capital of Chablais, and a residence of princes, has verily fallen 'neath the scythe of time, and is now a place of small account. Inset is a cameo of Chillon, a feudal castle of olden days, which still retains the mediæval atmosphere of yesterday, when milord was supreme and the agony of the torture-chamber a constant menace to his underlings

ENCHANTED MEILLERIE

A little fishing village this, brown and sunburnt, which squats on a pebbly beach with its feet in the water. Meillerie, of course, formed part of the scenery of Rousseau's famous love story, "Julie ou la Nouvelle Héloïse," and was beloved of Byron and Shelley. These photographs are excerpts from Sir Frederick Treve's latest book "The Lake of Geneva" (Cassell, 25s. net), a colourful and absorbing story of this vast pool of blue waters, its towns and by-ways, their age-old stories and their history

"It has been no use to engueuler the ouvreuse"

Une Chose Inoubliable

By "ROLAND" *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

"*Ça c'est une chose qu'on ne peut pas oublier*," does sing Victor Boucher in *Ta Bouche* at the Théâtre Daunou. Though it be a far different *chose* which he is unable to *oublier* and I am compelled to remember, one is unable to keep from the use of his refrain. In the first place it is enunciated to a lilt that is unforgettable. It is sung in an *exquis* little theatre that is unforgettable. And to arrive within the hearing thereof one has to submit to the extortions that are unforgettable. All of which have the unfailing aid to impress the *motif* upon even the lackadaisical *mémoire*.

WHY is it, one cannot help but demand, that the *extorsions irritantes* should be practised in the accessories of the *théâtres Parisiens?* Marcel and I have observed that it is not done, on our *toute récente visite*, in the English theatres. We have found that we are able to deposit a whole wardrobe in the cloakroom for the satisfactory price of sixpence.

BUT at the Théâtre Daunou we have had to pay five francs for two hats, two coats, and a *canne*. *Un franc par objet* has been the tariff, and it has been no use to *engueuler* the *ouvreuse*, for she has but to fulfil the *règlement*. *Tout le même* we have thought it has been to profiteer too much. Especially as the *suppléments* have not ended there. There has been also the *ouvreuse pilote* who has shown us the way to the seats, and who needs must have a *pourboire* of two francs, to avert the scowls. One is not under the compulsion to buy the smiles of the *ouvreuse pilote* in the theatres of London, we have remarked.

Après tout one has enough *verse* when to have paid the price of the seats and the programme. Mlle. Jane Renouardt, when she has decided to become a *patronne* as well as a *vedette*, might have introduced an innovation of a theatre where one should have included the accessories in the price of the seats. Like that she should have earned the affections, instead of to alienate them by to perpetuate the vices of the managers who exploit the public at the most possible opportunities. There is so much that is delightful in an evening of *Ta Bouche* that one does not like it to be marred by the recollection of the unnecessary irritations.

BUT that is not the *chose qu'on ne peut pas oublier* about which I had the intention to write. No. *Pas du tout*. But one does so get led off into the discursions, is it not? Like at the *Bal des Artistes Russes*, which I have attended the other night at the Rotonde. I have wished to see if I could adapt my new "Chicago" step to the strain of the *balalaïka*. But I have found it has not been possible to step at all. The dance has had a discursion into a concert and the concert has ended by to dominate the dance to such degree that I have had to leave without to be able to dance *un seul pas*. There has been so much *balalaïka* and *tzigane* that there has been not the least vacancy for the "*Tango du Rêve*" or "*Je ne peut pas vivre sans amour*." *Pour le prochaine fois* when I have the wish to dance to the *balalaïka* I shall look for a place where is advertised a Russian concert. At this *sans doute* there will be the predominance of *la danse*. They do these things differently *à la Russe*, one has comprehended.

"The ouvreuse pilote"

BUT that is not the unforgettable *chose*, of which I began to write. No. But like the *robe du soir* during the War period it escapes from the attention and then does disappear. Ah! but it does begin to settle down. Since the armistice the *robe du soir* has experienced all the possible *fantaisies*. *On ne peut pas oublier* the freakish features which the *hardies* have introduced when the *robe du soir* did at first become again *de rigueur*. There were the *décolletés* the most extravagant. The gowns without the backs and those

(Continued on page 436)

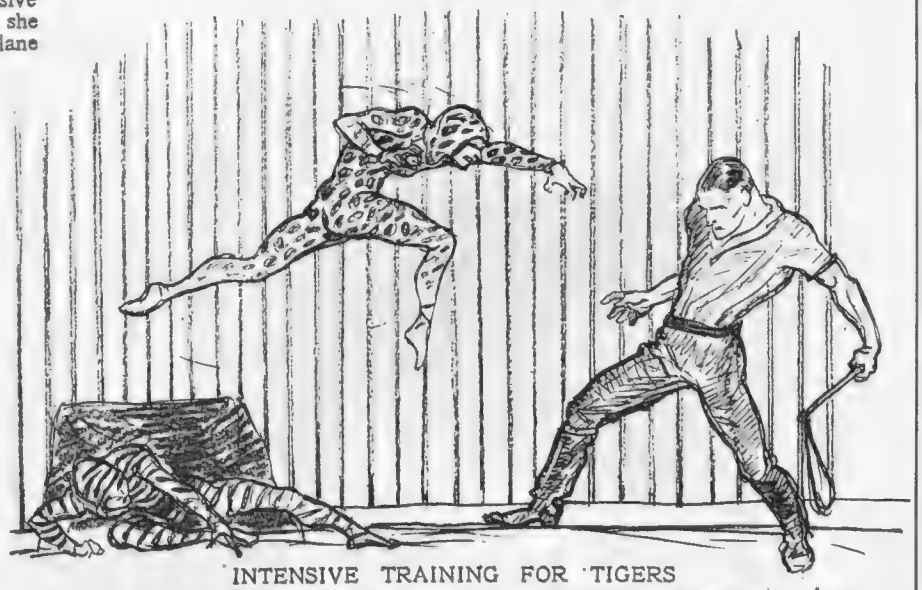
LA REVUE DES ÉTOILES AT THE CASINO DE PARIS

"PEARL FISHING"
Les gallants strive to snatch an elusive photograph of Pearl White which she dangles over the stalls from an aeroplane

NECK OR NOTHING
The lovely Pearl brings a little of her native broncho busting to bear on breezy Boucot

TA-TA TAHITI
Cocoa queens from Tahiti do a little fruit-y dance disguised as cocoa-nuts

Mitty, evidently feeling the effect of the recent heat wave, dances herself into a purple passion



INTENSIVE TRAINING FOR TIGERS
Mitty and Tillio, whom most of us met at the London Pavilion when they were over here, are now at the Casino de Paris, and are seen having a little difference of opinion in the wild beasts' cage. (Alternative title: "Woman Comes into Her Own")

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BORIS

"UNE CHOSE INOUBLIABLE" (concluded)

which were most perilously suspended from the shoulder by the most unsubstantial string of pearls. Then there were the gowns which came to a startling termination almost as soon as they had begun. And there were the *jupes à panier* which had the pronounced air of audacity. But this season there is the reason to think that the *mode* for the *robe du soir* is fixed, with the long straight line, draped and moderately *décolleté*. There will need a little while to pass to see if everyone is satisfied with this and with the train, which is also in the first of favour at the present. There can be introduced much of the appeal about the train, especially in the accentuated ones which are so long that they can be lifted up and used to drape the shoulders.

"So long that they can be lifted up and used to drape the shoulders"

But that, *non plus*, is the *chose inoubliable* which, to describe, I had reservoired my fountain pen. Yet much admiration as one may have for the matter in which one is most intimately concerned, one is turned aside to the contemplation of the unexpectedly excellent *œuvres des autres*. *Voyons, par exemp'e*, the experience of M. Marcel Prevost. M. Prevost at the present is in the process to write a book, *Les Don Juanes*, which has interested the thousands of readers. It has been the matter of much controversy as to whether it is really possible, for instance, for a woman to be a Don Juan. So far the book is far from to be complete. We have been able to read only the early chapters in the magazine which has printed it as a serial. And yet there are two dramatists who have already drawn from it a piece which has for stage the Théâtre Porte St. Martin. Even M. Marcel Prevost has the wonder how they have been able to do it. Perhaps it is that he has the idea how his own work shall terminate, for he is bound to come to it progressively through an *analyse minutieuse* of the characters he has created. But the dramatists have evolved a *dénouement* which is all of their own, and which is said to be very original, *très hardi et très neuf*.

"If I could adapt my new 'Chicago' step"

It is all very confusing, as one has heard constantly to repeat the English tourists who have come recently to Paris. But it is filled with the possibilities to dazzle. May be we shall hear before long that M. Sacha Guitry has dramatised a story of M. Henry Duvernois, before M. Duvernois has even conceived the plot, let alone commenced to write the preliminary chapter. That should appeal to the fantasy which is in Sacha.

Still, that was not the *chose* one cannot forget, which I had to mention. And the proof of the unforgettableness is that though I have persistently striven to keep it from mind, it has constantly obtruded and has ended by to secure a place. *Alors* it is this *mode* to desert the *rouge* for the *bleu* in the affair of the complexion. Is it not that it is *terrible*. *D'accord* that one has seen red too much in the recent days, with the red hats, the red *robes*, the red *manteaux*, the red *ceintures*. But one had become used to the *rouge* of the *figure*. It had a suggestion of the familiar earth and not of the mysterious spirits of the ghostly realms.

The fervents have *beau faire* to declare they have now a *teint du ciel*. Most people retort that they have a *teint des diables bleus*. *Heureusement* that I kept this topic at bay until the last or I might have been led into the employment of words which are not admitted by the Academy. For "*Ca*," *on ne peut "pas" oublier*.

ROLAND

On the Line at the Academy

"MRS. ERIC ROSE" BY EDMOND BROCK

(*The copyright of this picture is strictly reserved for the artist by Walter Judd, Ltd., publishers of "The Royal Academy Illustrated."*)

The Golf

—Flows very strongly in early summer ro

Stream—

BY LAURIE TAYLER

round the coasts of England and Scotland

The Connoisseur

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

A scene in the harbour at Volendam, opposite the island of Marken, the resort of small colonies of Dutch and English artists

Lord Jesterfield's Letters to his Son

By COLLINSON OWEN
Illustrated by A. K. MACDONALD.

My Dear Boy,

You who are now fortunate enough to be able to take the air every morning in the Champs-Elysées will be glad to hear that we in Mayfair are gradually raising our heads from the *abattement* which has too long laid them low. London, it is true, can never be Paris. A city, after all, is the reflection of its inhabitants, and this being so there are certain urban airs and graces which London is doomed to lack. Providence was so lavish when endowing us with the solider qualities that she withheld her hand when it was a question of bestowing the lighter ones—of adding the *mousse* to the heavy beer of life. We are unrivalled in political sagacity, but we do not know how to run a café concert. Our sanitation is the admiration of mankind, but we are helpless before the problem of the *demi-mondaine*. There are moments, *mon ami*, when I feel that I would barter all that makes London great for the corner of the Café de la Paix. It is amazing that with so much to commend us we should be so lacking in those smaller things which make life in a great city gracious.

I remember my old friend Count Boni de la Purée saying to me years ago, "Whenever I come to London I feel that my sins have found me out." That he should have been afflicted by conscience in any circumstances shows to what an unconscionable extent the *morgue* of London must have depressed him. The latest advices I had of him were that he is sadly in his dotage, and babbles not of green fields, like Falstaff, but of the green cloth, on which he squandered three fortunes—his own, his wife's, and his mother's. But for the state into which he has fallen I would commend you warmly to him, and bid you observe him closely. Not that I would have you for a moment follow in his footsteps. He was always a little too *exagéré*. A gentleman should observe a certain restraint in all matters, even in his dissipations. Otherwise he becomes a slave to them, which means that he ceases to enjoy them. A man who allows himself to arrive in this condition is merely henpecked by his vices, which is even more melancholy than being henpecked in his domestic circle. I sincerely trust you will always be resolute enough to avoid both.

"But we are helpless before the problem of the demi-mondaine"

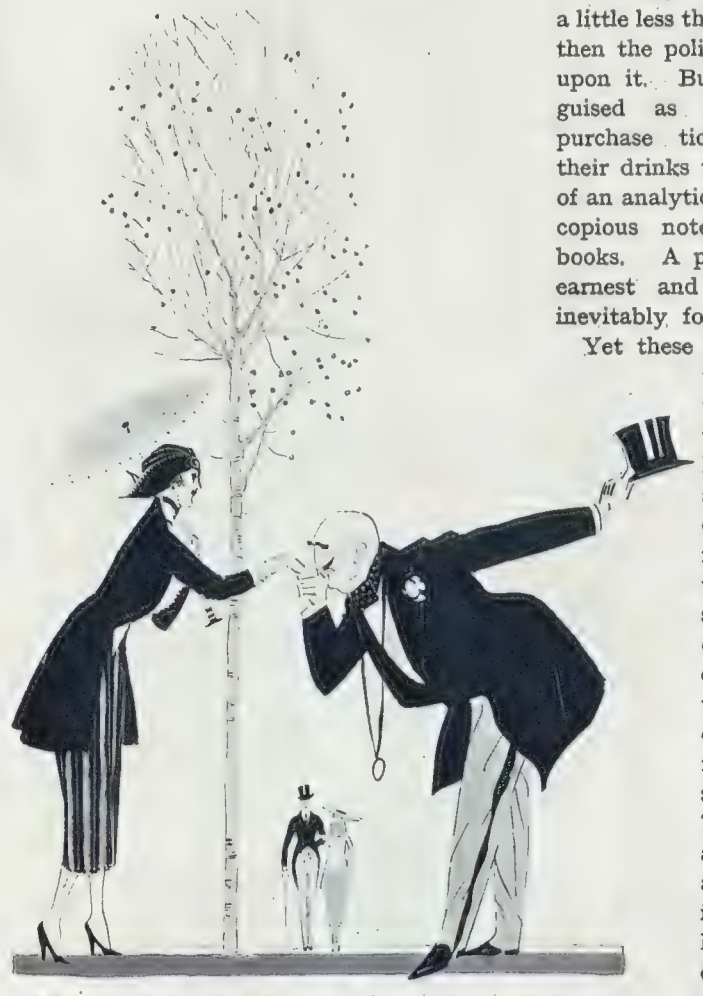
But I would have had you meet Count Boni had it been possible, because of all the men I have ever met he was perhaps the supreme combination of elegance and amiability. But for his engaging qualities he might well have been assassinated a dozen times. Even those whom he had wronged most

flagrantly could not bring themselves to desire his demise. Husbands who had every moral right to dispose of him were torn between friendship and duty, and generally compromised by affecting to know nothing of the matter. It is true, all the same, that he was called out on many occasions, but even on the field of honour his opponents either shot wide, or cheerfully allowed themselves to be pinked in his stead. On most occasions, indeed, Count Boni added bodily injury to what might well be considered insult, but in spite of it all he remained throughout his day the most popular man in Paris. To wear your arm in a sling after an encounter with him became the hall-mark of *bon ton*, and was much sought after by elderly *bourgeois*. You will observe from this the peculiar value of an amiable temperament. You need only make people love you, and there is nothing you cannot do with them.

However, I am afraid I have wandered far from my original point, which was that we are recovering a little from the distressing condition in which the War left us. London is not so outrageously *triste* as when you departed for brighter scenes. We are, indeed, now launched on a London season—the first since that historic week when the provident hurriedly purchased vast quantities of provisions and filled their pockets with sovereigns in order to mitigate the rigours of war. In our own sober fashion we are really trying to do our best. There are even people among us who have taken a vow to make a brighter London. To such a pitch have we descended that we must have organised effort to rouse us from our gloom! The greatest city in the world is being taken in hand like some faded watering-place whose erstwhile patrons are going elsewhere. We are being gravely discussed like a church bazaar, where an extra bran tub or decorous *tableaux vivants* may make the difference between success and failure.

Alas, that mighty London should have fallen so low. Yet I do not deride these worthy people who would thus invest us with a little sober motley. Their intentions are good, and it is a mistake always to regard good intentions as something necessarily bad. But I am afraid that the dice are loaded too heavily against them. There is to-day among us a vague and sinister influence which regards joy as the creature of damnation and despair, and approves of vice only when it is political and comes from Moscow.

Who they are who exert this influence nobody seems to know, yet their influence is paramount. Every great city worthy of the name should have its Underworld. The chief interest in life itself arises from the conflict between vice and virtue. The same may be said of a city. Without this conflict life is woefully insipid. Without it a city is merely a collection of houses. Yet every attempt in London to create an Underworld is sternly suppressed. Does a night club arise, and conduct itself with a little less than the usual decorum, then the police inevitably descend upon it. Bucolic constables, disguised as *hommes du monde*, purchase tickets of entry, sip their drinks with all the suspicion of an analytical chemist, and make copious notes in large pocket-books. A prosecution before an earnest and shocked magistrate inevitably follows.



"He remained throughout his day the most popular man in Paris"

Yet these prosecutions serve in themselves to show that the heart of the country is sound. I am informed that after every such incident there is an immediate rush to the place where some slight promise of dissipation is held out. Indeed, your uncle Eustace was one of those who recently acted on such an impulse. The result was disappointing. "Damme, after what I had read in the newspapers," he said, "I really expected to find something worth while. 'Pon me soul, it was as quiet as the Athenæum."

Naturally, I pointed out to him that if he accepted a constable's evidence as to what constitutes a gay and *mondain* assembly he must expect to be deceived. But then the most surprising thing about your uncle Eustace is that he should be one of the family. Always remember that while it is right and proper to love your relatives this sentiment must not be allowed to close your eyes to their manifest shortcomings. JESTERFIELD

For Wintry Summer Wear

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

A STYLE VERY SUITABLE FOR THE COMING HOLIDAY SEASON

TRUTHS AND TRIFLES

CUCKOO!

I HAVE heard the Cuckoo surely
And effectively, I note
That some people prematurely
His charms in verses quote.

On every train that shooshes round
His mocking note is heard,
I'm chased around the Underground
By the confounded bird.

Where'er I go he screams at me
From a new posterette.
"Take No. — — 'bus," says he,
"And hear my due duet."

But I will not meekly suffer;
I'll find out the address
Of the advertising buffer
Responsible, and—yes.

I'll forego a vengeful duel,
And let the bird him mock
In a way that's subtly cruel—
Send him a Cuckoo clock.

MICHAEL SCOTT.

A DARK PAST

By JOE LEE

NEWRICH: "I'm glad you've been able to trace my ancestors. What do you want for it?"

HERALDIC SPECIALIST: "Hush-money!"

CYNICAL SIDELIGHTS

IT'S no good marrying a professional beauty and expecting her to make a good sick-nurse. You might as well buy a diamond tiara, and expect it to turn into a flannel petticoat.

* * *

WOMEN are so careless, they will leave a perfectly good husband about anywhere, and expect to come back months later and find him exactly where they left him.

* * *

LIFE is a journey on which we are always hurrying along to see what's round the corner.

* * *

ECCENTRICITY is the reason for other people's failings. Temperament the excuse for our own.

* * *

THE more waist the less speed.

* * *

BECAUSE a woman shuts her eyes when she is kissed, it doesn't follow that she dare not meet the kiss face to face.

* * *

WE may be led into temptation the first time, but after that we can generally find our own way.

* * *

DREAMS cost money—especially when you marry one.

* * *

A PHILANTHROPIST is a man who succeeds in inducing others to loosen their purse-strings.

* * *

IT'S easier to provide for the inner man than for the outer woman.

A BEST SELLER

By JOE LEE

JOKE ARTIST (*to Art Editor*): "I can't understand why you don't like that joke, sir, it's been in ALL the best papers!"

MISLEADING

By Stan Terry

"Waiter, bring me a new menu. The samples of soup are opposite the wrong names on this one!"

PREPARATORY TO SOUNDING PA ABOUT A SUMMER HOLIDAY

By Bert Thomas

Dangers of the Links

A LAWSUIT AND ITS LESSONS

THE errant golfer—not the amusing person who has been flitting from course to course and giving BYSTANDER readers the result of his experiences—but the golfer who finds it difficult (and who does not?) to steer a straight course "down the middle" on all occasions, has no doubt followed with a good deal of interest the recent lawsuit of *Castle* v. *The St. Augustine's Links, Limited, and another.* The facts of the case put shortly are that while the plaintiff was driving a taxi from Deal to Ramsgate along the Sandwich Road, a ball driven by a Mr. Chapman from the thirteenth tee of the St. Augustine's course struck the windscreen of the taxi, breaking the glass, a flying fragment of which injured one of the plaintiff's eyes so badly that he lost the sight of it.

THE course to the thirteenth at St. Augustine's runs adjacent to, and parallel with, the Sandwich Road. There was evidence that balls "sliced" off the thirteenth tee frequently pitched on, or over, the road, and that on former occasions vehicles passing along the road had been hit by balls so "sliced." The plaintiff, in these circumstances, sued for and recovered damages for the injury done to his eye, both against the proprietors of the course and Mr. Chapman, whose errant drive was the cause of the accident.

THE case was not defended by Mr. Chapman, who, since the occurrence, had gone opportunely enough to Australia. Consequently the only question that was really fought was the question whether the proprietors of the course were liable. Mr. Justice Sankey held that on the evidence the user of the thirteenth tee and the course to the thirteenth hole constituted a danger to the public and, therefore, that the proprietors were liable because they were the proprietors of a thing which was a public nuisance. It is refreshing to notice that Mr. Justice Sankey knocked another nail into the coffin of "judicial ignorance." Unlike the famous judge of other days, who, although he was a confirmed race-goer, inquired blandly when trying a betting case, "What is the City and Suburban? Is it a railway line?" Mr. Justice Sankey was at no pains to profess ignorance of the game of golf. He said as much. He knew that golfers—even the best of them—are liable to "slice" and the evidence satisfied him that a "sliced" drive at this particular hole was a menace to the safety of the public using the Sandwich Road. He was of opinion that the proprietors of the course knew, or ought to have known, this, and that, therefore, they must be held liable.

HIS conclusion evidently was that the conditions under which the hole in question had to be played were such that anyone passing along the Sandwich Road was liable to be hit by a golfer playing to the thirteenth hole, irrespective of the question whether the hitter were a person who had little or no regard for the safety of others or not. In other words, he showed that he knows enough about golf to know that a golfer hopes, and tries his best, to hit his ball correctly and not to slice it out of bounds. He, in fact, said, almost in so many words, that the slicing of a shot could not be regarded, in itself, as a rash or hazardous act, and was apparently satisfied that even a careful golfer might do injury to a passer-by.

BUT that was all that the judgment amounted to. It did not establish any new principle of law with regard to the liability of the owners of golf courses for the acts of golfers playing thereon. Counsel for the defendant company argued that so much golf was played nowadays in the vicinity of public highways and byways that if his clients were held to be responsible it would have the effect of making golf impossible. But the judge was careful to point out that his judgment only held good as regards the facts of this particular case, and that with a different set of facts before him he might come to a different decision. He intimated that he had in his mind cases where the owners of courses would not be liable for damage done by the persons using them, and instanced the case of a course which is traversed by a public footpath. Here, if a player were rash enough to make a shot while a user of the footpath was crossing the line of fire the owners of the course would clearly not be liable if the wayfarer were struck and injured. The whole of the blame would rightly fall upon the player of the shot. It comes, in fact, to this that the real value of Mr. Justice Sankey's judgment lies in its strict adherence to the case with which it deals. He has decided exactly what he was called upon to decide and no more, and has carefully abstained from the utterance of any sort of *dictum* which might permanently destroy the peace of mind of every owner, or part owner, of a golf course throughout the kingdom. H. S. S.

By Victor Hicks

AWAKENING—OR JUST AN ALARM?

The Galloping Game Again

Photograph] LORD BLANDFORD ON HIS PONY [*L.N.A.*

The Marquess of Blandford is a player with decided flair and his play at Sunbury considerably aided the "Whites" to victory

Photograph] A MID-FIELD MÊLÉE [*L.N.A.*

Photograph] SPECTATORS [*Topical*

The first game of the season at Sunbury provided onlookers with some interesting and fastly paced play. Our Argentine visitors contented themselves with some informal practice, while the "Reds" and the "Whites" played a scratch game on the top ground. The Countess of Kimberley, holding umbrella, is seen with her daughter-in-law, Lady Wodehouse, and the Duchess of Penaranda

Photograph] "REDS" V. "WHITES": A HARD HIT UP FIELD [*Sport and General*

Captained by Mr. Walter Buckmaster, the "Whites," which also included Mr. W. Filmer Sankey, the Marquess of Blandford and Captain Lely succeeded in winning a closely fought, seven-chukker contest against the "Reds," led by our International No. 3, Lord Wodehouse, and with substantial help in the shape of the Duke of Penaranda, Captain Lord Somers and Captain Gerald Hardy

A Canadian Dancer at the Paris Opera

Photograph *Jules Sabourin*

MISS YVONNE DAUNT

This charming Canadian dancer, who has pirouetted her way into the heart of all Paris at the Opera, is now performing as "Maimouna," and has just achieved a big success in this ballet by Gabriel Groreley

"IF SUMMER COMES—"

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *May* 15

DEAR COUSIN—

I DON'T feel as if I could really write you a proper letter at all this week—or an improper one, either, for that matter. I mean, does utterly and completely demoralise one, somehow, when once the sun starts truly and honestly shining at about 10,000 h.p., and skies become summerily blue, and we get, anyway, a taste of the sort of weather wherein the garden's simply the one and only possible place for meals . . . . all of which began to happen, didn't it? just about a week ago.

卐

AND, oh, the first fine careless rapture of that first fine May morning when we don't have to think even for a second of whether the sun will keep us warm without woollies, and the breeze not be strong enough to blow the butter off the breakfast table! The joy of realising, very moment you get up and draw the curtains, that this is the real thing—the summer day that we've longed and looked for through all the dreary months of winter, and sometimes even drearier ones of so-called spring.

卐

THE nice, clean ecstasy of just slipping into a cool muslin frock, *sans* even any slightest fear of any sort of chill! And of sipping nectar and ambrosia (commonly and ordinarily called tea and bacon-and-eggs) under a far-away blue sky instead of a low white ceiling, with sun and shadow making patterns through the leaves on the lawn—and, positively amazing to relate, shade the more welcome of the two for once. . . .

卐

ONLY thing against it being, as aforesaid—simply can *not* see how we're going to do any sort or kind or variety of dull work, in any conceivable shape or form, while all these miracles are going on all around. While soft warm breezes ripple among the trees and shrubs, with a whisper of the wonderful things that are and are to come. . . . While the pear trees are positively hurling their blooms into your face, and you can see the lilac and apple blossoms bursting out every minute before your very eyes. . . .

卐

AND while buzzy striped things with gauzy wings hover and poise against the background of a cloudless blue sky like 'planes doing stunts, their little propellers working all the time. And all the time, too, the birds are singing—not *much* need to go out with a coach and postillions these nights, like Lord Rosebery, to hear the nightingale, when the darling, noisy little things simply force their songs on your notice all the while.

"Can *not* see how we're going to do any work"

卐

AFRAID it's got a little bit into my head, this sudden plunge into midsummer—which, by the time you get this, may be over already, for the moment, anyway. But even if it snows to-morrow, and hails and thunders and lightens, at least, we've had it. . . . And things can never be quite the same afterwards. They never can be, can they? when something wonderful's happened—not to us women, anyway. Men seem to forget so much easier. . . .

AND somehow, you know, summer seems to mean so much, when we get our first real taste of it. It's not only that life is suddenly made lovely by the softening of the air, the dying of the harsh winds, the bursting of the trees and plants into rich leaf and flower. There is a breath in it all of gentleness and peace, rest after troubled seas, port after a storm. Of a new life, too—new, kind, friendly ideas and simple outdoor pleasures that can only

properly flourish when the sun shines and all Nature smiles.

Not that we give up our artificial indoor pleasures altogether and entirely, either, though they do say theatres and places have been feeling rather a bit of a draught while there have been so many counter-attractions outside their portals, and all, or most of them, free, gratis and for nothing into the bargain. Never have been, for instance, quite so many dances fixed up for any season that I can remember, with a list that stretches already right up to the end of June.

And even when you'd think no one with a car or the price of a taxi, or even a bus fare, in their pocket 'ld stay in Town one single stuffy minute, perfectly marvellous how heroically we turn up all in our towniest Town clothes for church parades in Hyde Park and all that sort of thing. S'pose it would be rather imposs., though, to waste all that just-acquired sweetness from Reville, or Doucet, or Phelps, or Jean Patou, on the desert air of merely rural delights.

Especially as this really is, by all accounts, to be the season of seasons since the War—with a revival of even (think of it!) trains once more at the Courts, that start only just about three weeks from now. Trains *and* feathers! Isn't

"Men seem to forget so much easier"

it simply too intriguing? And, of course, rather helps to solve the great long *v.* short skirt problem that's been agitating so many of the debs. and anxious mothers thereof.

'Cos you can't exactly, can you? wear with a train the really very brief sort of frocks that were donned last time by even some of the—well, what would have been called, in Victorian days, dowagers.

"Can't exactly wear a train with the very brief sort of frocks"

And that gave, I'm told, a certain High Personage the shock of a lifetime when they floated, or tripped (with contents), before her astounded and horrified eyes!

But we really are right in it now, aren't we? right plunk into the deep end—of the season, I mean, as well as the summer. One sure sign whereof is that the Naval and Military Tournament's on at Olympia this week—that patriotic function which from time immemorial has always helped to usher in the social programme of the year. Just a shade on the boring side sometimes, 'tween you and me—but, after all, does at least help to remind us that there *are* still such things as a British Army and a British Navy (spite of all efforts to "axe" 'em out of existence).

Rather odd—isn't it?—that we should be beginning rather to *need* reminding—some of us, that is. Don't believe the people who count do. Wouldn't be an altogether bad idea, though, I sometimes think, if the profiteers and people and the new generation that has arisen with the pose of rather pooh-poohing the War and shoving it into the background—if they could be made to follow King George's example and make a trip just every now and then to where—

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row.

Oh dear, brave, beloved men, who fought and gave their lives for us! And on just such summer days as we've been having, do you remember? days of sunshine and stillness and singing birds and deep-blue skies, went through some of the most awful of the awful and splendid things that saved for us—

England, our England.

Ought I to apologise for talking about it? After all, it's really *their* England that we're living in now and having such a lovely time in, to the refrain of—

Keep things up
While the bubble's in the cup. . . .
We're a long time dead—

as they sing at the Ambassadors.

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

Born 1820———— *Still going Strong !*

CHARLES I's Bedroom.
"THE SARACEN'S HEAD," Southwell:—One of the finest remaining examples of the Old English Inn, with ancient timbering and coaching yard.
Charles I slept here immediately prior to his defeat and capture by the Roundheads.

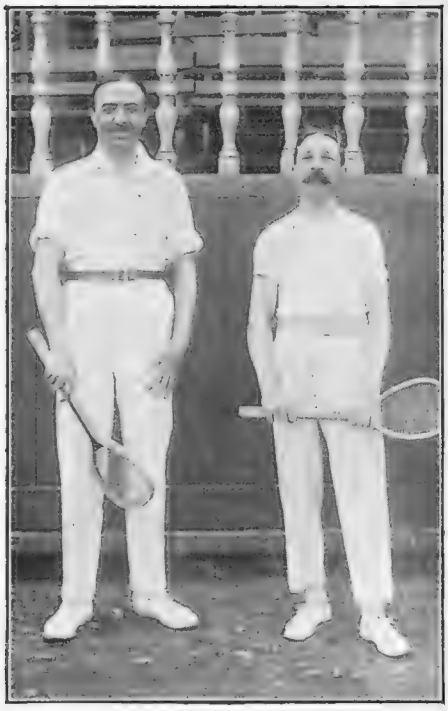
HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 8.

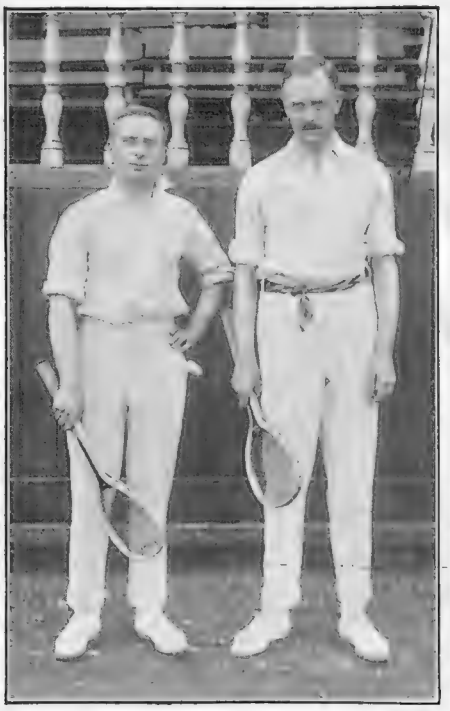
Johnnie Walker: "I am glad to note, your Majesty, that you have regained your head."

Shade of King Charles: "Like you, JOHNNIE WALKER, my reputation has improved with age."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

SPORT *of the* WEEK *As Seen by the Camera*





Photographs *Sport and General*

J. WORTH AND F. DEVÉS (France) E. M. BAERLEIN and W. RENSHAW (England)

The first contest for the Challenge Cup presented by Lady Bathurst for the International championship of the ancient game of tennis was held at Queen's Club last week, when England beat France both in singles and doubles. Our illustrations show the French pair, who bore the whole of their country's burden, and the two of the four players who represented England in the doubles match, as well as in one single apiece. The other two were the Hon. C. N. Bruce and Vane Pennell.

Photograph *Sport and General*

D. L. MORGAN

Who made an eminently satisfactory début in England as a lawn tennis player at Hurlingham last week. On leave from India, where he is serving with the Indian police, he had already made a name for himself on the Riviera as the conqueror (amongst others) of H. Cochet, the French "crack," and a most extraordinarily difficult man to beat

Photograph *L. N. A.*

MRS. CRADDOCK

Who has recently mounted one or two more rungs of the ladder of lawn tennis fame. Among first-class players she has for some time been "there or thereabouts," but now she is probably the equal of any lady player in this country except Mrs. Beamish, Miss Ryan, and Miss McKane. She is here seen playing in last week's hard court tournament at Hurlingham

Photograph *Sport and General*

GEORGE DUNCAN (Hanger Hill)

Winner of the £1,000 tournament at St. Andrews last week. A wonderful fourth round of 68, which beat the existing record for the course by two strokes, gave him the victory

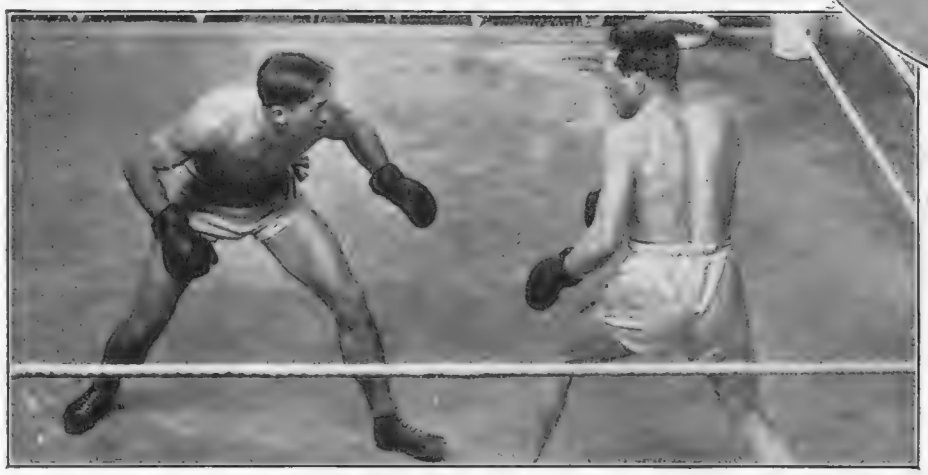
Photograph] CRICKETERS THREE [*Central News*

C. B. Fry (the one and only) photographed with two of his pupils, his son, Stephen (right)—who has begun to maintain the Fry tradition by playing with distinction for the Hampshire eleven at the age of 21—and another promising young cricketer, Kennerley Rumford, son of the famous singer, Madame Clara Butt

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE BOWLER BOWLED

Durston, the Middlesex bowler, achieved the first "hat-trick" of the season against Cambridge University. He is here shown in the act of being bowled by A. H. White, an Australian Freshman, who looks like getting his Blue



Photograph] THE CARPENTIER-LEWIS FIASCO [*I. B.*

A snapshot showing one of the rare occasions on which the men were not clinching. After two minutes' fighting, in which there was hardly any real boxing, Carpentier knocked Lewis out with a hook to the point

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. ERNEST HILL

Winner of the scratch prize in the ladies' open golf tournament at Walton Heath last week. She tied at 85 with three others, but had the best score for the first nine holes, and so won

Photograph *Sport and General*

MEDICAL LADIES AT PORTER'S PARK

A group of competitors in the Medical Ladies Golf Association's tournament recently held over the Porter's Park course. Miss Cecil Leitch, fourth from the end on the right, was the inevitable winner of the scratch prize, and the Canny-Ryall Handicap Challenge Bowl was won by Lady Ryall

Femina

ECSTATIC FROCKS

BY "CANDIDA"

Now that Easter's well over and the season has begun, there's no more excuse for the sackcloth and ashes of strict economy. Time was, if I remember rightly, when people always wore the new clothes their fancy had lightly turned to on an Easter Sunday. It might sleet and freeze, and usually did, but one must begin the spring sometime, and there's nothing like a date for keeping one up to things. And after the fateful Sunday one plucked up courage to go on. Then came the season, with its ecstatically giddy swirl of gaieties, and frocks to match.

What changes since then! What changes, even in the frocks! What's an ecstatic frock, anyway? It's something that makes the best of your bad points—if any—and turns your good ones into the sort of beauty which they photograph for the papers, because men—bless their innocence—don't know the difference between ecstatic frocks and ditto faces. It adds to your personality, even if you haven't any, and that without shrieking expense and furious husbands a mile off. In fact, it's so subtle that only the best people know it when they meet it, and though it's caviare to the general, it's a caviare which the crowd can appreciate without understanding it.

You know the sort of distinction that's bred in the soul, and hangs round in the outer woman like an atmosphere? You can't say that it's lo here! or lo there! because it isn't anywhere in particular, and yet it's everywhere at the same time. So it is with the ecstatic frock. It does not make you sit up and gasp and think of Queens of Sheba and Scheherezade, or the latest thing in revues. It steals in, like a wonderful presence, and before you know it you've credited its lucky owner with all the nice things under the sun; youth, or something like it, beauty, or what passes for such, and, of course, an income that runs pleasantly into ever so many figures.

Alas! for the nice, decorative world that used to be! There are very few ecstatic frocks about this spring, and it's not because the lofty gentlemen and ladies who create them have refused to cast their pearls before people who won't pay for them. It's because the frocks have not made up their minds to be anything in particular for fear of offending the few people who still have money to pay their bills. And in the struggle to appear very new, and yet be exactly what they used to be, they have muddled away their character. You can't be a success without a backbone, even when you're only a frock.

Waists, as everybody knows, and if they don't they have had plenty of opportunity for finding out, don't occur on a definite place on the figure. They happen nowadays just where you choose to tie your belt, and there's nothing to prevent you from wearing them under your chin as long as you can clearly impress the world that you aimed at that effect, and meant to have your way about it. There are limits, of course. If, for instance, the waist should drop any lower than it has already dropped at present it would come off altogether, and that, I think, would be a pity.

Imagine the excitement if some bold pioneer had suddenly decided to risk everything, and to inaugurate a new place for waists somewhere under the arms, where it used to live quite happily a hundred years ago! But, unfortunately, waists are not quite the simple things they seem to be, and can't be shifted with impunity unless you wear "them," that is, arrangements in whalebone with etcs. Now nobody wants to wear "them" again, because, for one thing, they interfere with the backlessness of one's best frocks, and because of other reasons. It's a problem.

The only way they've attempted to solve it this spring is to give you a frock that has not made up its mind between two waists. It wears one somewhere about the hips to please you, and another in what was considered the proper place to please its creator, and so that honour, or at least novelty, shall be satisfied. It ends, of course, by pleasing nobody, because it hasn't got a mind, or a soul, of its own, and is on with the new love without daring to quarrel with the old. And they do say that our frocks are exactly like the women who wear them. So if this weak-kneed specimen should be at all representative. . . . . Let's hope not. It's a bad enough world as it is.

CANDIDA

Photograph *Beatrice Cundy*

MISS DOROTHY DARLINGTON

An exceptionally talented young violinist, who is appearing with Sir Harry Lauder's company at the London Pavilion. She is heard in a programme of which some really first-class music is an interesting feature. Miss Darlington is a sister of Mr. W. A. Darlington, dramatic critic of the "Daily Telegraph" and the author of that very popular novel and film, "Alf's Button." Mr. Darlington's latest book, "The Fourth Wall," has been warmly praised by the critics

How Paris is Dressing These Days

AN AUTEUIL MODE

Contrived of silver-grey georgette, nothing could be more attractive for the races or the river than this new double-brimmed creation

Model by Le Monnier *Photograph, H. M. Talma*

MERVEILLEUX !

A perfectly superb creation of grey silk lace over a satin foundation which created an appreciable stir in Paris dress salons. The length of the dress will be remarked.

Model by Germaine *Photograph, H. M. Talma*

A SUMMER CREATION

This charming picture-hat of white felt literally breathes the spirit of summer with its attractive wreathing of realistic flowers round a shadeful and becoming brim

Model by Geo. Hamard

Photograph *Henri Manuel*

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

The Derby

A FORTNIGHT from to-day the Derby will be run. Mr. Peter Gilpin will be very disappointed if he does not saddle the winner. But which of his two colts is the better? That is a pertinent question which even the Clarehaven trainer might not feel himself competent to answer. Because St. Louis and Re-echo have not been formally tried together—not, at all events, since the early days of the spring. Both Lord Queenborough and Sir Ernest Paget, are naturally supremely anxious to win the greatest prize which racing has to offer. It has been tacitly arranged, however, that there shall be no "trial" between their two champions, who have accordingly not been doing work alongside each other. Each colt has been travelling in splendid style at home, and nobody can pretend correctly to estimate their respective prospects in the Derby.

The Favourite

OF course, St. Louis is a good favourite, and is likely to remain so to the end of this chapter of racing history. You cannot get away from the merit of his performance in the Two Thousand, and I think that in racing it usually pays to be guided by that which one has actually seen. Pondoland has gained much credit for his exceedingly smooth victory in the Newmarket Stakes, but when all is said and done, was not his triumph the best possible advertisement for St. Louis? We saw the latter beat Pondoland fairly and squarely in the Guineas by three lengths, which in point of weight is equivalent to a difference of 7 lb. between them. I grant that Mr. Solly Joel's colt has come on satisfactorily, but who shall say that St. Louis has not made corresponding improvement? I do not see why the longer course should be in Pondoland's favour, because in the Guineas Lord Queenborough's crack gave no signs of being lacking in stamina.

An Outsider

I STILL think that Bucks Hussar is the best outsider in the Derby. I am not at all sure that he is the right sort of horse for Epsom. He is one of the big, upstanding kind, and does not look like coming round the turns very comfortably. Still, we have seen these big horses win the Derby. What I like about Bucks Hussar is his unquestionable stamina. He had not the slightest trouble in winning over the last mile and three-quarters of the Cesarewitch course last week, and is the only Derby colt who has covered that distance in public. What is more, he is to be ridden at Epsom by J. Childs, than whom there is no finer judge of pace. I ventured to take an interest "each way" in Bucks Hussar when he stood at 20 to 1, and I am hopeful of landing at least the minor part of the wager. Still, I am very envious of those who were lucky enough to get on to St. Louis before he won the Guineas.

Re-echo

AFTER the Guineas, Frank O'Neill, the rider of Pondoland, is reported to have said, "Either my colt does not stay or St. Louis is an exceptionally good horse." Well, we saw in the Newmarket Stakes that he can gallop ten furlongs at a good pace. Let us admit that he did not have much to beat, but I have seldom seen this race more easily won. Thus we can safely assume that Pondoland is not a non-stayer. If O'Neill's reasoning is correct, St. Louis is a long way above average excellence, and I am convinced that his chance of winning the Derby is absolutely first rate. Of course, Re-echo *may* be the better of the pair, but he has never accomplished in public anything so brilliant as that which St. Louis achieved in the Guineas. Moreover, I remember that Re-echo did not come down the hill any too smoothly when he won the Woodcote Stakes, so it may well be that St. Louis will be better suited by the peculiarities of the Epsom track.

"2—2—2—2—?" By "The Tout"

A cartoon of the long-suffering Sir Henry Bird and Monarch, who has run second in the "Lincoln," the "City," the Victoria Cup, and the "Jubilee." If there is any sentiment left in racing, then Monarch should get a good reception when he does at last get his nose in front!

Some Selections

PROVIDING the ground is not unreasonably hard we are to see Bucks Hussar in the Sledmere Stakes at York on Wednesday, and if he has any pretensions of winning the Derby it ought not to be difficult for him to score on the Knavesmire. On the same day **Le Roi** may win the Rockingham Handicap. The Doncaster Three-Year-Old Handicap on Thursday may go to **Scapin.** At Salisbury the Wiltshire Plate might be won by **Contractor,** and the Chester Cup winner, **Chivalrous,** does not seem to be weighted out of the reckoning in the Salisbury Cup. We wind up the week at Windsor, where **Royal Lancer** should go close for the Royal Handicap.

A Misunderstanding

It is a difficult task to place one's finger on a definite amusement and say "The public like that," because by the time your finger has reached, metaphorically, to the paper the public will certainly have changed its mind. And yet in our Title Competition interest is unflagging, and the shoulders of our office boy literally creak under the strain of each post. Indeed, such is the enthusiasm that it has impelled many to enter for the special competition provided solely for foreign readers, who, indeed, live no farther abroad than Bournemouth. The Title Competition No. F 1 is open solely to foreign and Colonial readers of THE BYSTANDER. Readers in Great Britain and Ireland are provided for separately; wrong entries are naturally disqualified.

"Gee! Boys—'Duggie' Pays £40,000!"

SIR EDWARD: "Look! See what that newsboy's placard says!"

LORD BOB: "By jove! £40,000 in one Double paid! Some sum!"

THE COLONEL: "But there was really no need to say 'Douglas Stuart.' Such a big bet so promptly paid *must* mean *Duggie*. It is only one more case of 'Duggie Dominates.'"

SIR EDWARD: "Well, Colonel, as you speak so well of Duggie — I had better open a credit account with him right away."

THE COLONEL: "Yes, Teddy, and you will never regret it. Remember, 'Duggie never owes.'"

Write to-day and open a credit a/c

Douglas Stuart

New Oxford St., London.

Old Bill, M.P.

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

Capt. Bairnsfather's new play, now on tour, is at the Wimbledon Theatre this week. There is talk of it coming to Drury Lane later

WHILE our official Supermen have been engaged, to the delight of our enemies, in splitting hairs over creeds and formulas, Captain Bruce Bairnsfather has come into the cockpit with the one slogan needful: "Let's get on with England!" Amid the welter of conflicting panaceas to heal the Empire's wounds, mostly offered by unfriendly aliens, this is the only slogan that matters to-day. It is one of the peculiarities of the British Constitution that naturalised aliens may have their raucous voices heard in the councils of the nation; and Captain Bairnsfather has very usefully carried this mistaken concession to its logical conclusion. He calls his entertainment a "Show," under which very generic name he has succeeded in including nearly all the forms of dramatic expression, from sheer melodrama to homely comedy, and some of the most wildly funny farce that I have ever laughed at.

OLD BILL, having won the War, has now become a coal-miner. This is a very happy choice, because of all the militant Trades Unions that bring pain and suffering to the average citizen, the Miners' Union is the one that captures most of our sympathy. As has been well said, war or no war, the miner is in the front-line trenches all the time, and deserves every advantage he can secure. Old Bill is represented by Mr. Edmund Gwenn with quite remarkable ability and success. His demonstration in the library of the mine-owner of the inequalities of miners' rewards is very funny, yet singularly instructive. With the help of a chair and a table or so he shows how one miner may be working in a seam of soft coal so that practically all he has to do is to pick up money; while another may work for hours on his back at great personal risk and get nothing more than a few chunks of unmarketable slate for his pains. This scene is most admirably written and acted, so that while it is usefully informative to outsiders, it has all the air of being a merely comic lecture on coal-mining in general.

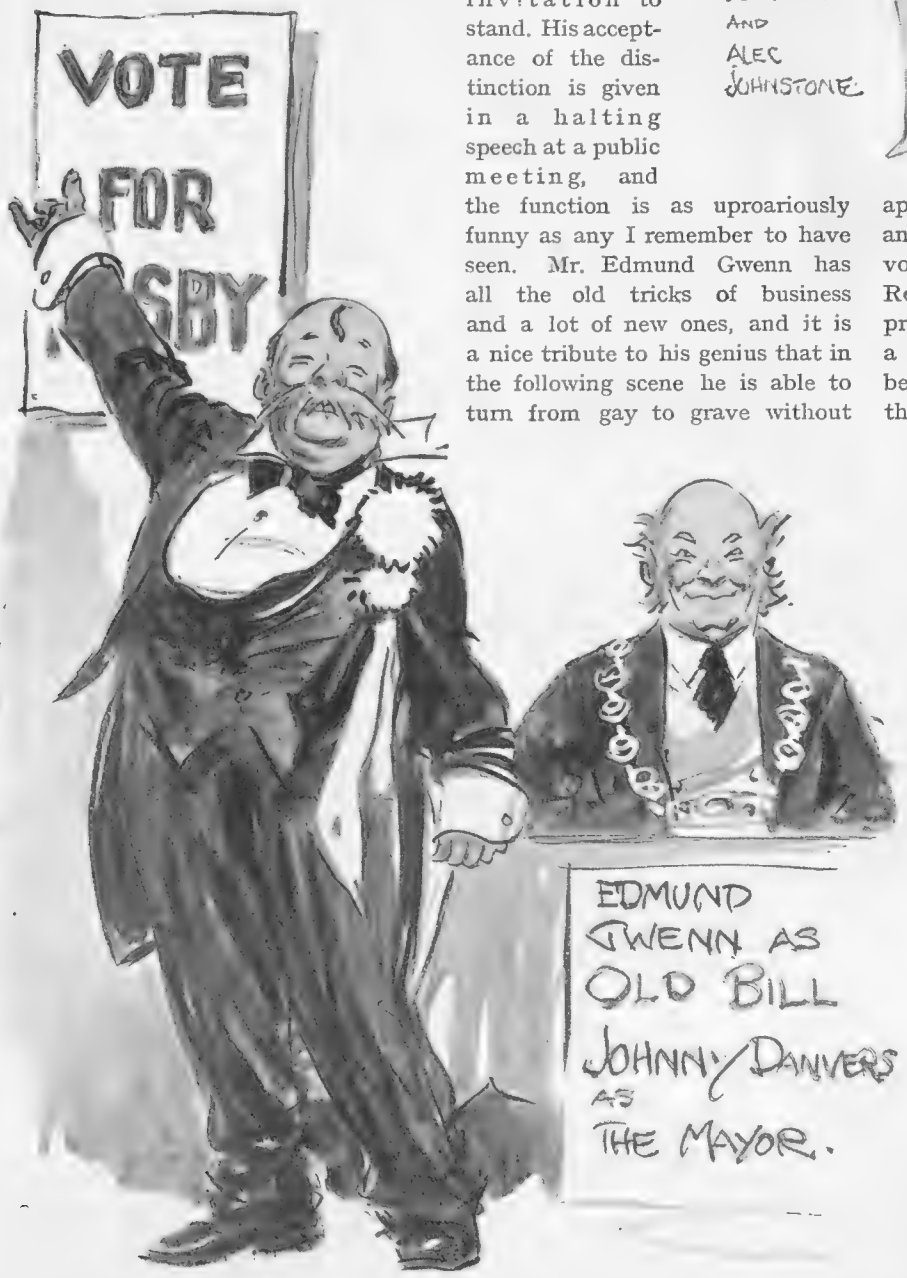
BUT the real trouble in the mine is the alien agitator. Captain Bairnsfather, for the convenience of brevity, has put into extreme and concrete shape the nefarious work that is hindering our national recovery. The name of the villain of the piece is Reichner, the country of whose origin may be guessed without a very severe mental effort, though he has become for purposes of his own a "naturalised" Briton. Reichner not only encourages a strike, but is also arranging to blow up the mine. He is evidently a person who believes in being thorough. He is well provided with funds, which may have come, for all I know to the contrary, from the sale of Russian jewels, or other stolen goods of that sort. And though the mine-owners succeed in staving off the strike, the explosion in the mine duly takes place. Old Bill is above ground at the time, but on hearing of the danger of his comrades he volunteers, with true melodramatic heroism, to hurry down and warn the thousand or so of miners below of their imminent danger.

THE scene at the pithead after the explosion has, doubtless,

been modelled from life. Its realism is most convincing. There are the frantic and distressed women rushing up to the mine manager to enquire eagerly after a missing husband or son ; there is the breathless hush as a cageful of miners comes to the surface to be identified, and there is the tremendously emotional scene of a number of despairing women falling on their knees and singing together one of the grand old hymns of helpfulness. Bill and his henchmen, Alf and Bert, are imprisoned in one of the galleries of the mine by a fallen roof, and their case seems hopeless. This is, naturally, a difficult situation to present humorously, but it becomes vastly amusing, perhaps because we realise that the danger to the actors is not great, after all. The picture is most realistically presented, the rising of the water about the entombed men being quite sensationally complete. The eleventh hour rescue, however, put us on good terms with ourselves again, and the cheers of the audience might, I should fancy, have been heard for miles.

EDNA BELLONINI AND ALEC JOHNSTONE.

THE time comes for the miners to choose a representative in Parliament, and Bill is honoured by an invitation to stand. His acceptance of the distinction is given in a halting speech at a public meeting, and the function is as uproariously funny as any I remember to have seen. Mr. Edmund Gwenn has all the old tricks of business and a lot of new ones, and it is a nice tribute to his genius that in the following scene he is able to turn from gay to grave without apparent effort. It is polling-day, and the villagers are inclined to vote for the naturalised Briton, Reichner, who is making good progress by the usual promises of a new heaven and a new earth to be secured ready-made by way of the polling-booth. Bill feels he is losing ground, and so he plays his trump card. He gets back into khaki, with the tin hat thrown in, and makes a little speech to the crowd.



EDMUND GWENN AS OLD BILL
JOHNNY DANVERS AS THE MAYOR.

IT has been written that men should be taught as though they had forgot, and Captain Bairnsfather has built his little homily on that basis. Mr. Gwenn delivers his exquisitely beautiful lines with a rare ability. Almost he puts a little touch of humour into his gentle appeal that those who seem to have forgotten will try and remember, and while he speaks a shadowy outline of the Whitehall Cenotaph appears in the distance. As a reversal of the popular view by the power of language, it reminds one of Marc Antony's pointed remarks on the death of

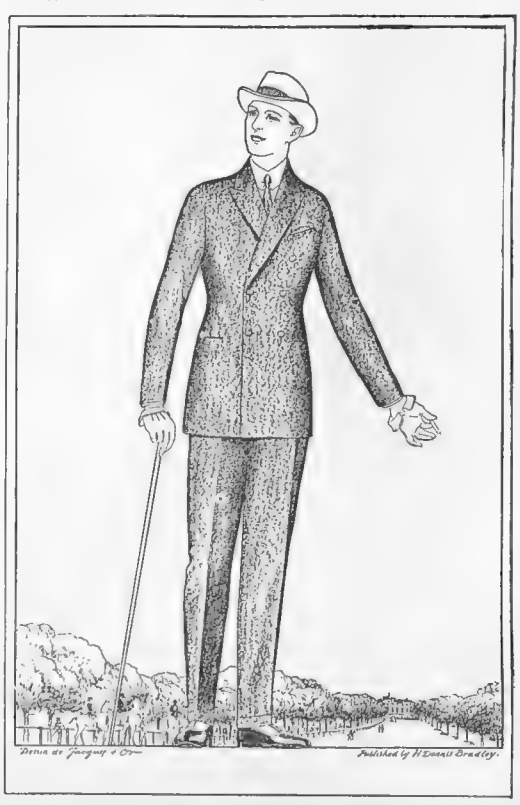
LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

Cæsar. There is nothing domineering or dogmatic about the appeal. It is just the expression of a great wish that instead of memorials they should have—memories.

I do not find it easy to do the "Show" justice in the ridiculously limited space the Editor allows me for my polished lucubrations. The "Show" itself is in two acts and no fewer than fourteen scenes, and the acting is on a very high level of excellence all round. There are over one hundred performers engaged in the production, and, to use the stock phrase, it seems invidious to particularise. But Mr. Johnny Danvers ought to be praised for his delightfully comic representation of His Honour the Mayor; and I simply loved the throaty gentleman in ill-fitting evening dress with a very red handkerchief tucked in the opening of his waistcoat, who obliged with a fine old sentimental song in honour of Old Bill's selection as candidate for Parliament. Mr. J. P. Kennedy had a difficult part as the miners' delegate with distinctly Communistic leanings; but he played it with much power, seeming to resign himself to the fact that it was a part that would not get much sympathy from a characteristically British audience. And it did not. Indeed, when in the course of some heated dialogue one of the miners told him to go to the hot place, the house rose and cheered its approval of the very apt request.

"*Old Bill, M.P.*" is a tract for the times, and a highly diverting one at that. It has all the elements of great popularity, and its success should be assured. As the gallant Captain says, "Let's get on with England!" JINGLE

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain



THE CAUSE OF ALL CURSES.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

In the halcyon days of yore, before the world's political Humpty Dumptys sat on their European walls, the Income Tax demand merely caused an impatient, though contemptuous, shrug at the more or less peaceful breakfast table. To-day it unloosens a fury so hectic that it fosters mental apoplexy, ruins one's financial physique, creates cancerous thoughts, evolves new immoralities, and inspires an obscenity of language that would shock the most licentious poet of the Restoration period.

In the far-off days, before we won the "war to end wars" and national solvency, the peaceable West End citizen seldom troubled to enquire the price of his clothes. Now, prices have become a question of vital importance.

At dinner recently an American guest interrupted an asparagus finesse by asking, "When will the price of lounge suits be brought down to the pre-war level?" My reply was immediate: "When the National Debt is reduced from seven thousand odd millions to the pre-war seven hundred odd millions, and when the Governmental expenditure is reduced from £1,195,427,877 (1921-22) to the pre-war expenditure of £197,492,969 (1913-14).

Every boy and girl in their teens at school, all those of the new and virile generation, should study politics and economics in self-defence. The politics and economics of the past have been the root of most of the world's evils. It is because of the politico-economical ignorance and apathy of the majority, that the politicians find it so easy to beguile by stupid parrot cries and impose taxation to its breaking-point.

Politics not only affect personal liberty, they affect the price of every single commodity essential to life. Observe the taxation, direct and indirect, on everything. Therefore, nauseating as it may be—and savouring as it does of the vivisection of rats—everyone should study present politics in order to demand that they be cleansed, and in order that we may compel economy in political circles.

* * * * * *

So far as the prices of this House are concerned, it is utterly impossible to make them less. They are reduced to a margin of profit as bare as the clothing of the ladies of the Boccaccian "Decameron Nights." Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s. Riding Breeches from £4 4s.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

Free

to those who care

If you send the coupon we will mail a 10-Day Tube.

Watch the effects in your mirror. Feel them 20 times. Then you will realize what this new method means to you and yours.

Enjoy these delightful results for ten days, then decide.

The Charm

of white teeth comes in this way

This ten-day test will show you clearly the way to prettier teeth.

You will also know that those glistening teeth are cleaner, better teeth. You will see and feel the film removal.

The results will surprise and delight you. Compare them, for your own sake, with the old way of teeth cleaning.

That dingy film

A dingy film—a viscous film—accumulates on teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays there.

It clouds the teeth's lustre and is now regarded as a potential source of most tooth troubles.

The film is what discolours not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

Teeth left unclean

The tooth brush used in old ways leaves much of that film intact. Then night and day, between the teeth and elsewhere, it may be unceasingly at work.

Teeth are left unclean. Thus millions find that teeth brushed daily still discolour and decay. And the reason lies largely in that film.

Now we remove it

Dental science has now found two ways to fight that film. Able authorities have proved them effective. Now leading dentists everywhere are advising their daily use.

Both are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste which meets every modern requirement. Millions of people now use it daily. And the use is fast spreading all the world over, among people who care for their teeth.

Five vital effects

Pepsodent, with every use, brings five desired effects. It combats the film, wherever it may cling. It leaves the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which may cause decay.

Pepsodent twice daily brings these important effects. To countless homes around you it has brought a new dental era.

Results are quick

The results are both quick and conspicuous. One can see and feel them. One cannot doubt the benefits they bring.

Send the coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch all the delightful effects.

The book we send will tell you why they come. In a week you will know a better way to brush teeth. And we think you will always employ it.

Cut out the coupon now.

TRADE MARK **Pepsodent**

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, the application of which brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

South African Distributors: VERRINDER, Ltd., P.O. Box 6824 Johannesburg, to whom South African readers may send coupon.

672

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
(Dept. 153), 40, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name .....

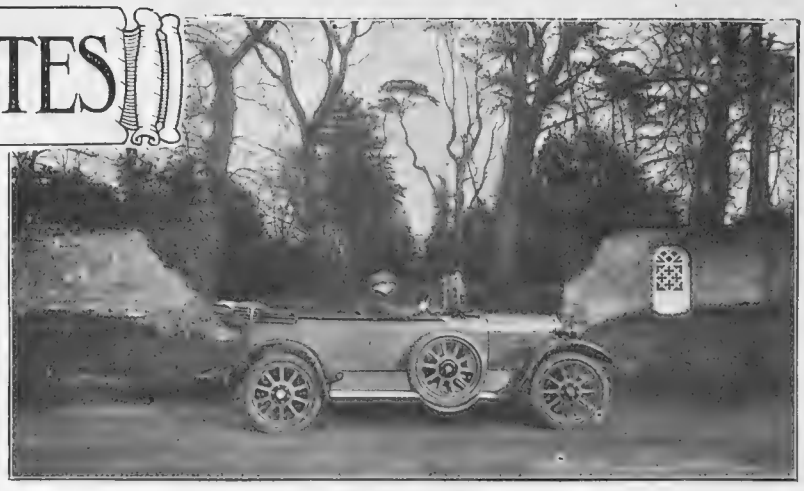
Address .....

.....

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

The Bystander, 17/5/1922

MOTOR-NOTES



A 12 H.P. ROVER
At Guy's Cliff from the Kenilworth and Warwick Roads

THREE more entries have been received by the Royal Scottish Automobile Club for their Six Days' Light Car Trials on June 5 to June 10. These are a 7-5 h.p. Mathis, a 10–30 h.p Alvis, and an 11.4 h.p. Bugatti, bringing up the total entries to forty-four cars. Given fine weather I am looking forward to an excellent tour of the Highlands in this trial in a well-sprung Daimler, piloted by that most modest of motorists, Mr. Joseph Mackle, who was the prize pupil of the Daimler Works when they first started the best automobile school in Great Britain. No freak roads or hills are on this trial course this year, praise ye the Club! so it will be a trial really useful to future owners on the performances of the cars taking part in it under ordinary Highland touring conditions over roads they would use, and not sheep paths where no one would want to travel, as they lead nowhere, which has been done in times past.

* *
*

THE acceleration of the six-cylinder Sunbeam is splendid, as I proved last week when I had one lent to me for a day's run. I arrived at Robin Hood Gate, at the foot of Kingston Hill, at a speed of 21 miles an hour, and putting my foot down accelerated to 52 miles an hour up the first short and steep rise in front of me in a few hundred yards. Comfortable to drive in traffic, fast on the road, quiet and easy to change gear, the new six-cylinder Sunbeam is an ideal owner-driver's car as it can put up an excellent road average, while you can push it upwards of 70 m.p.h. if wanted to. It has also the *sine quâ non* for a fast car, good springing and reliable brakes. I hope Mr. W. M. Iliff, the managing director of this firm, will be soon in complete health after his serious operation, as his cheerful presence at the works does much to encourage the excellent work turned out there.

* *
*

IF straws are any indication of how the wind blows, the resignation of Lieut.-Col. C. F. Hithchins, D.S.O., M.I.M.E., of his general managership to Agricultural and General Engineers, Ltd., to join Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., Ltd., it would presage that agricultural and heavy vehicle engineering is to be another outlet for the energies of this old Newcastle-on-Tyne firm. Possibly, with all these Peace Conferences on the *tapis*, like the ancient Romans, Armstrongs are turning the sword into ploughshares. Perhaps Messrs. Godbold, Molony and Short will give

(*Continued on page 464*)

ROLLS-ROYCE

The opinion of the Earl of Rocksavage

"I AM convinced that the post-war Rolls-Royce is unsurpassed for acceleration, springing, and smooth running. No car is as reliable; no car gives such silent running at speeds from 40 to 70 miles per hour; no car can stand up to bad continental roads as well as a Rolls-Royce. .... I am convinced that no other makers have succeeded in turning out a car as perfect in workmanship, durability and excellence as the Rolls-Royce."

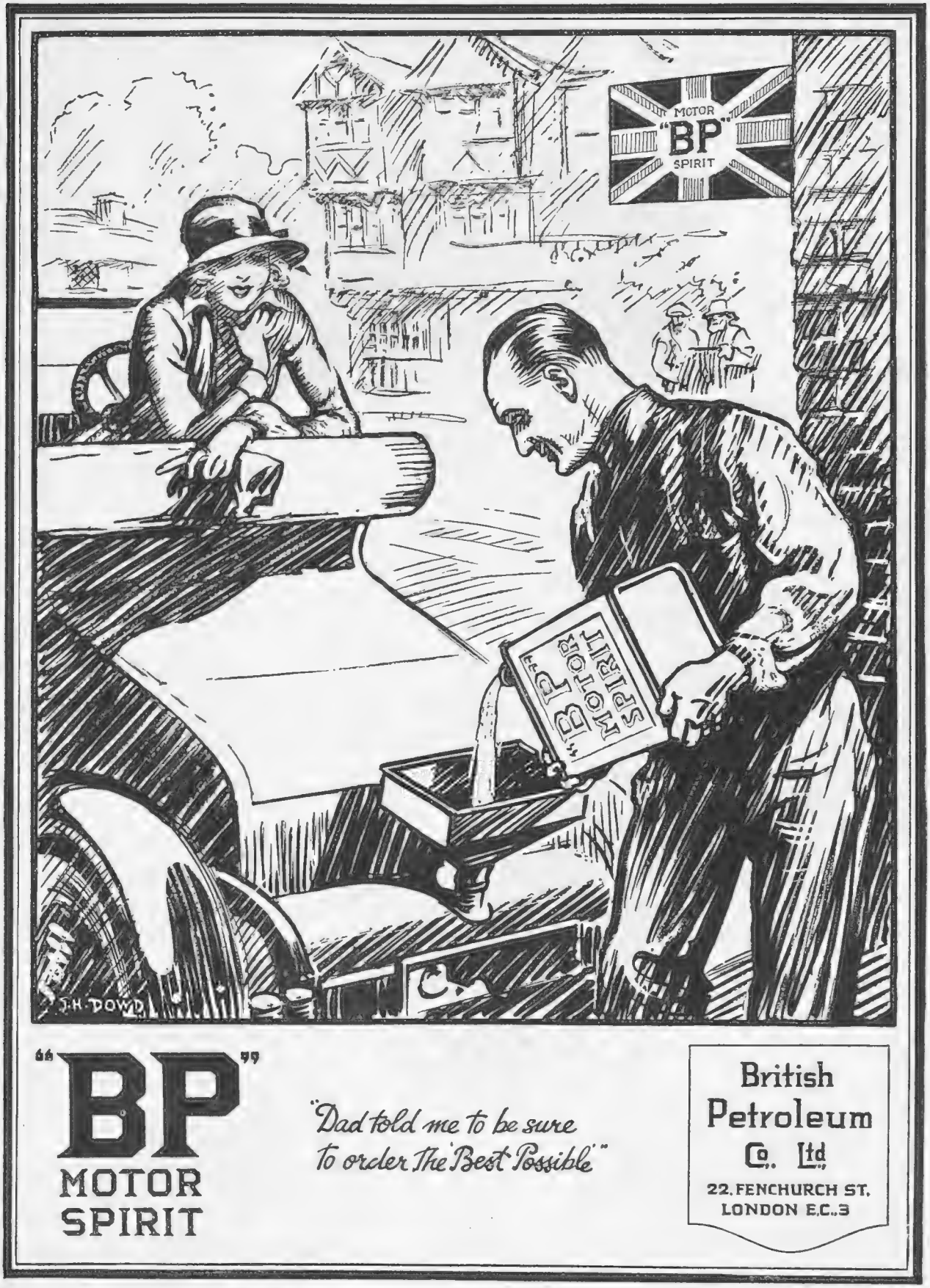
Rocksavage

THE WORLD'S BEST CAR

ROLLS-ROYCE, LTD., 15, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Telegrams:— *Rolhead, Piccy, London.*

Telephone:— *Mayfair 6040 (4 lines.)*



"BP"
MOTOR
SPIRIT

"Dad told me to be sure
to order The Best Possible"

British
Petroleum
Co. Ltd.
22, FENCHURCH ST.
LONDON E.C.3

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

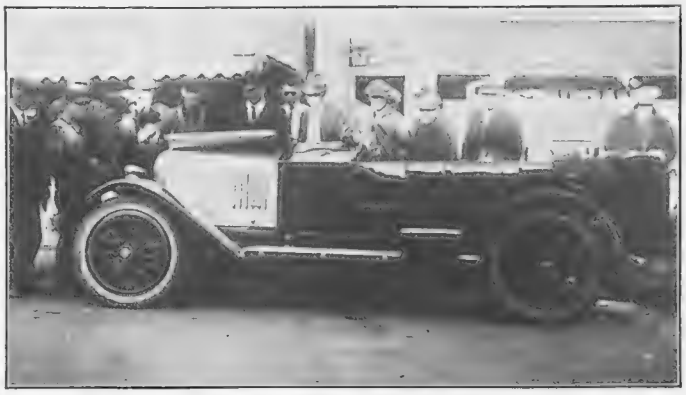
me further particulars in due course, as at present I am merely guessing.

* * *

Not content with getting an engine able to test Shell motor spirit to keep it up to a standard quality, the impressions of the various writers on motor subjects in witnessing such tests in this variable compression motor are being published in a series of announcements in the advertising columns of the newspapers by the enterprising Shell-Mex Company. Research work is always commendable and the more tests made and published the better, as already the 9,000 odd readings registered on this laboratory plant plainly show that all motor spirits are not the same in engine value, though many motorists do not trouble to ask for particular brands for their cars, but take any old petrol the dealer suggests is handy. A visit to see this testing plant at Shoreham would make them understand why discerning motorists shout out "Shell" as they pull up at a fuel supply depot.

* * *

Everybody is crying out for the need of a few garages in the City of London, where those who have to daily visit it can leave their cars. Why does not some enterprising capitalist cater for City folk, as I am sure it would pay, for unless one has a paid driver to take the car home again after arrival no one attempts to drive to Town unless they have somewhere to leave the car. Perhaps the ordinary Saturday garaging of motors by Mann, Egerton and Co., Ltd., at Norwich, may tempt them, as at their depot in that city on Saturday, April 22, there were no fewer than 341 cars, 40 motor-cycles and 23 side-car combinations garaged between 12.30 and 1 o'clock. These figures do not include any new or second-hand cars in stock, or the firm's own hire cars, or chassis being fitted with bodies, or customers' cars under overhaul, to the tune of 200 on a normal average. Thus well over 500 cars are accommodated on an average Saturday. I reckon week-days other than Saturdays would see many more than this if there was a garage in the City that would take them, though this is a bit of a record for a single garage.



A NOTE FROM NEW YORK

Americans gaze with interest at this product of the English motor industry—a 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall in a New York street

* * *

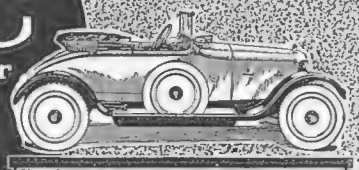
Long before 1914 Mr Fred S. Bennett, of Cadillac fame, prophesied that General Motors, Ltd., would assemble their products in England. His sooth-saying has proved right, as at Hendon the big works there are busy putting together the parts of Chevrolets, Hudson, and other cars of this firm imported from their Canadian factories. Thus they are following the Ford example at Manchester, so no fewer than six makers of U.S.A. cars are being assembled in England at the present time, including the Willys-Overland. As the British workman must benefit by this, I wish to goodness he would stop grumbling and grousing with the employers, but get on with the production part of the business. Then we might see Fords at £63 as in U.S.A.

Old Hy.

The Amazing

"A-C" Light Car

"Worth more than any Other"



The performance of the "A-C" on road and track, and in the hands of private users proves it to be beyond doubt by far the finest light car in the world.

Models are made to suit all tastes—2-seaters, 4-seaters, Coupés, and sports models, all mounted on the highly efficient "A-C" chassis with beautiful coachwork.

Full range of models always on view

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AUTO-CARRIERS, Ltd.,
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Prominent Motor Journalists See SHELL Tested

A number of prominent motor journalists have visited the Engine Testing Laboratory where "Shell" Motor Spirit is tested, and have personally observed tests of "Shell" Spirit. Extracts from their articles, which have been published in full elsewhere, will be given in our announcements, and will be found to constitute the ***most remarkable proof of the superiority of "Shell" Spirit ever published.***

3. Mr. W. H. BERRY:

. . . I went down to Shoreham last week to see the most elaborate, scientific, and costly petrol testing plant in the country . . . I could hardly believe that different fuels could give such different results . . . ***The Shell Company are fortunate in owning wells that give petrols containing a big percentage of natural benzol.*** . . . Nowadays the "Shell" people use their richest benzol fuels to improve their other poorer American fuels, which are more or less high-grade petrols, and can so produce a standardised blend that shows, by comparison, a lead of about 20 per cent. in power and economy, in the variable compression testing engine at the experimental plant at Shoreham—*Evening Standard*

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Nature's Mixture of Petrol and Benzol

SHELL-MEX, LTD.
Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C.2
Write for Leaflet, "IN THE TEST-HOUSE"

WOLSELEY

Another Marvellous Run
by the
Wonderful Wolseley

DOUBLE TWELVE-HOUR RECORD.

The Wolseley Ten, which broke 15 records in a 6 hours run on November 24th last, put up a still more marvellous performance on May 2nd and 3rd. In 24 hours running on Brooklands track (in two stretches of 12 hours) it covered 1465·6 miles, creating FOURTEEN NEW RECORDS in the British Light Car Class—

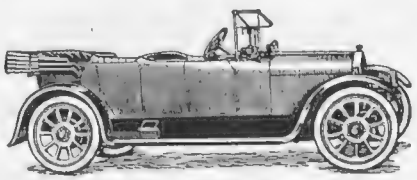
8 hours ...	553 miles	69·14 m.p.h.	RECORD.
9 ,, ...	618 ,, ...	68·76 ,,	,,
10 ,, ...	694 ,, ...	69·45 ,,	,,
11 ,, ...	769 ,, ...	69·94 ,,	,,
12 ,, ...	843 ,, ...	70·32 ,,	,,
600 miles in	8h. 44m. 50s.	68·99 ,,	,,
700 ,, ,,	10h. 4m. 9s.	69·51 ,,	,,
800 ,, ,,	11h. 23m. 41s.	70·21 ,,	,,
900 kms. ,,	8h. 6m. 46s.	110·94 k.p.h.	,,
1000 ,, ,,	9h. 2m. 2s.	110·69 ,,	,,
1100 ,, ,,	9h. 51m. 33s.	111·57 ,,	,,
1200 ,, ,,	10h. 41m. 40s.	112·21 ,,	,,
1300 ,, ,,	11h. 29m. 43s.	113·09 ,,	,,
24 hours ...	1465·6 miles	61·06 m.p.h.	BRITISH DOUBLE TWELVE-HOUR RECORD.

This car is not a specially built racing freak, but is a STANDARD WOLSELEY TEN, modified slightly to suit track conditions. Never before has any small car been subjected to so long and arduous a test, and the achievement is a real triumph for the merits of Wolseley standard construction.

THIS IS STRIKING PROOF OF THE ROBUST CONSTITUTION OF WOLSELEY STANDARD PRODUCTIONS.

WHY NOT PLACE YOUR ORDER AT ONCE ON OUR ROTATION LIST.

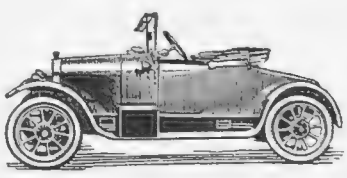
WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD, Adderley Park, BIRMINGHAM.
(Proprietors: Vickers Limited)
London Showrooms: WOLSELEY HOUSE, 157, Piccadilly, W.1



Wolseley Fifteen Touring Car **£795**
Saloon **£1,025.** Landaulette **£985**

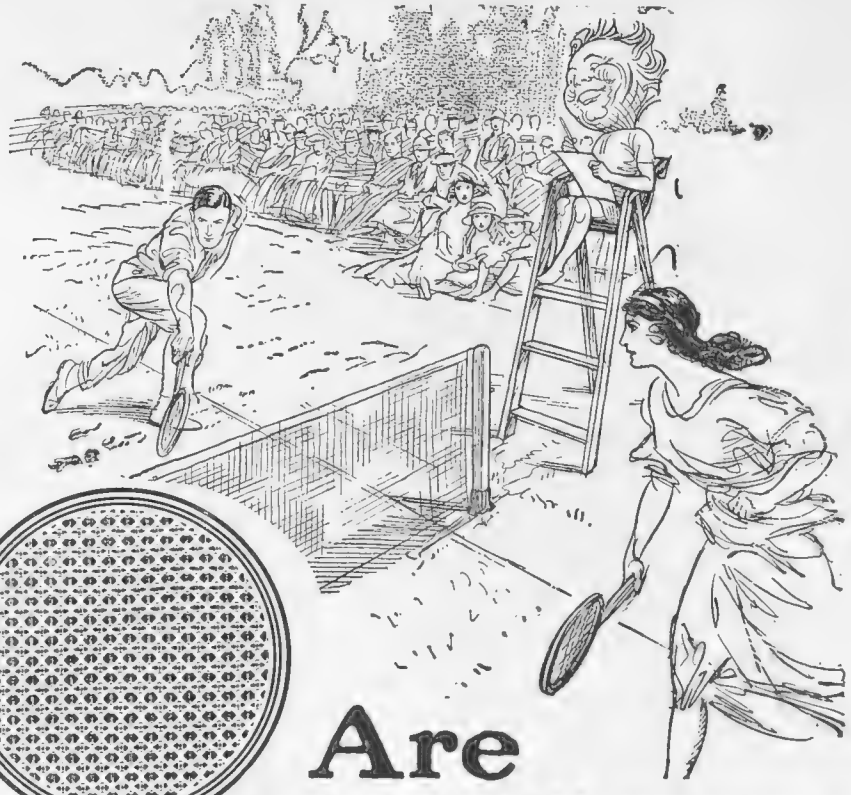
Standard Equipment, Dunlop Tyres.

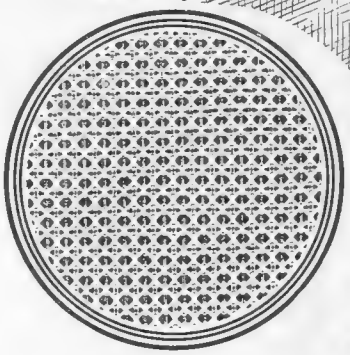
Write us for Catalogue No. 19, post free.



Wolseley Ten Two-seater **£475**
Torpedo **£490.** Coupé **£595**

THE LITTLE FAIRY OF GOOD HEALTH ASKS—





Are you still game after set---

—ready to play on—or do you usually feel played out?

Keep cool—that's the way to win. Keep cool—that's the way to keep your end up during warm and sultry weather. And you *can* keep cool, easily, comfortably, surely—simply by wearing Aertex.

Aertex cools by Nature method—through air in motion. The fabric contains hundreds of tiny cells—air cushions—which permit the circulation of fresh, cooling, invigorating air next to the skin. Air is life. Breathe deeply—and let your pores breathe. Enjoy perfect freshness and fitness this summer by wearing Aertex underwear for sport and business—you'll always feel game and ready to make the most of the sunny days.

The AERTEX Cellular principle of fabric construction allows for the free circulation of even-temperature air next to the skin, stimulating and refreshing the tissues with fresh supplies of health-giving oxygen, preventing chills.

AERTEX is the ideal wear for summer days. Prove its value to-day.

Look for the Aertex label on all genuine Aertex goods——— refuse imitations.

THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. LTD. AERTEX LONDON This Label on all Garments

Wear AERTEX cellular

UNDERWEAR FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN. SHIRTS, SHEETS, ETC.

Reduced Prices

Write for 1922 Catalogue, giving full range and prices of garments, etc., together with name of nearest retail depot to

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A SELECTION FROM LIST OF DEPOTS WHERE AERTEX CELLULAR GOODS MAY BE OBTAINED

London—Boltons, Ltd., 177, Piccadilly, W.
Robert Scott, Ltd., 8, Poultry, Cheapside, E.C.
Oliver Bros., Ltd., 417 Oxford Street, W.
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Bridlington—H. D. Green, Royal Arc.
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Buxton—J. W. Potter, London House.
Cambridge—J. Taylor & Co., Sidney Street.
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Doncaster—A. Gamman, High Street.
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Eastbourne—Bobby & Co., Terminus Road.
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Glasgow—Arneil & Yuill, Gordon Street
Halifax—R. Hume, 12, Cornmarket.
Harrogate—Allen & Son, Prospect Crescent.
Hastings—Lewis Hyland & Co., Queen's Road.
Hove—F. W. Yeomans, 31, Western Road.
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Scarboro'—Rowntree & Sons, Westborough.
Sheerness—Temple Bros., 48, High Street.
Sheffield—J. B. Eaton, Ltd., Angel Street.

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

ONE of the most vital dress topics of the hour is that of evening dress, a subject that has been whipped into still further excitement over the announcement that an evening Court will be held on June 8. This is, naturally, giving the lucky *débutantes* to think, and their reflections are spread over a particularly delightful vista of choice. They need not, for example, any longer wear white unless that is especially becoming, and when it does the *débutante* will find an *allure* in *tulle* illusion—a recent revival—and georgette, schemes kept intact by trimmings of silver and crystal, soft, fluffy gowns that with longer and fuller skirts and slim, elongated bodices are at once girlish, picturesque, and *chic*.

Metal Lace Creates Regal Toilettes

LESS conventional, perhaps, and equally permissible for quite young girls, is the classical type of frock, effected in white *charmeuse* or embossed white *ninon*, the skirt arranged in long, clinging draperies, sometimes *en princesse*, and, again, with a close fitting hip-length corsage, completed by a handsome embroidered girdle or a trail of frosted flowers.

For older women evening dress is inclined to run to gorgeousness, these featuring oriental colourings and designs in rich brocades worn with elaborate swathed hair *bandeaux*. At Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, they are showing some notably exclusive models, of which the example illustrated is very representative. Over a *fond* of peacock-blue *charmeuse* there is dropped a simple *moyenage* dress of heavy aluminium lace, slightly gathered at the hips and held to the figure, at a long line, by a handsome embroidered girdle. These metal laces are richer and more impressive in appearance than they ever were, and as treated in these *salons* are assured of a big place in the evening sun.

Fashioned of crêpe Romaine are other equally dignified creations. One of these, in an exquisite shade of *orchidée* mauve, fell in long straight lines from the shoulder, the subsequent draperies embroidered in *diamanté* and crystal beads. Fascinating little dance frocks of georgette, trimmed floral *garnitures* or girdles, commence here at 8½ guineas, others at 10½ guineas being made of satin *beauté* and *tulle* in a range of the loveliest colours and artistic combinations.

A RICH EVENING GOWN

Over a fond of peacock-blue charmeuse a simple moyenage dress of heavy aluminium lace is dropped. This is slightly gathered at the hips, and held to the figure by a handsome embroidered girdle

Sketched at Marshall and Snelgrove's by Betty Nisbet

A model in a rather full tone of yellow carries as sole decorative relief the quaintest waist ornament in the form of a dropped girdle composed of leaf-shaped pieces of imitation blonde tortoise-shell; while in the always *chic* all-black toilettes of lace, sequined net, and the severe, classically arranged *marocain* Marshall and Snelgrove have a selection of surpassing excellence.

Novelties in Knitted Costumes

ONE only learns by experience and the closest investigations the large, varying character of the popular knitted wool garments that have taken the whole world of dress-loving women by storm. Long before the present craze set in the Jaeger firm were handling woven and knitted goods with such pronounced skill and originality their name became a household word.

Naturally, they were among the first to recognise the big business to be done in Swiss sports dress, the outcome of which is the present-day obsession. Jaeger's sports coats and jumpers have been long renowned as expressive of the best in style, taste, and value, and to-day, in response to the big demand, they are similarly equipped with coats and skirts.

Among other arresting successes to be seen at 126, Regent Street, in these suits must be mentioned the new marled effects, grey flecked fawn, covert flecked white, beige flecked mauve, etc. These are of the very latest, and in some cases are enhanced by interwoven borderings of Egyptian or scroll design. The skirts of such suits are plain, and the coats mostly belted, whereas in other expressions one notes the favourite box-pleat *jupe*, obtained through the medium of heavy ribbings.

The example our artist has sketched on the next page includes one of these *jupes*, the whole suit being carried out in pure wool, grey, covert, or jade at the inclusive price of £8 17*s*. Especially designed for sports wear, and tennis in particular, is a jumper suit of pure white wool, the jumper woven with an open-work insertion stitch and the skirt ribbed. This completed by a smart long coat to match, ribbed at the hem so as to acquire the *chic*, slightly nipped-in look, an altogether charming wrap effectively finished by a brushed wool collar, the whole comprising attire that would at once mark out the

wearer as exceptionally well turned out. Jaeger's have also from the first held an unrivalled reputation for those covetable, cool alpaca wool jumpers, woven with a curly stitch, and this season the selection is larger and more entrancing than ever. These are not cheap in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but they wash perfectly, and far outlast the cheaper varieties, and, in any case, Jaeger's price compares most favourably at 78*s.* 6*d.* Also of alpaca wool are some highly original blazer sports coats, in fascinating colours and stripes, that promise to be a great success against the foil provided in a white tennis get-up, and they should also prove useful and gay-looking on the golf links.

Rest Gowns at Reasonable Prices

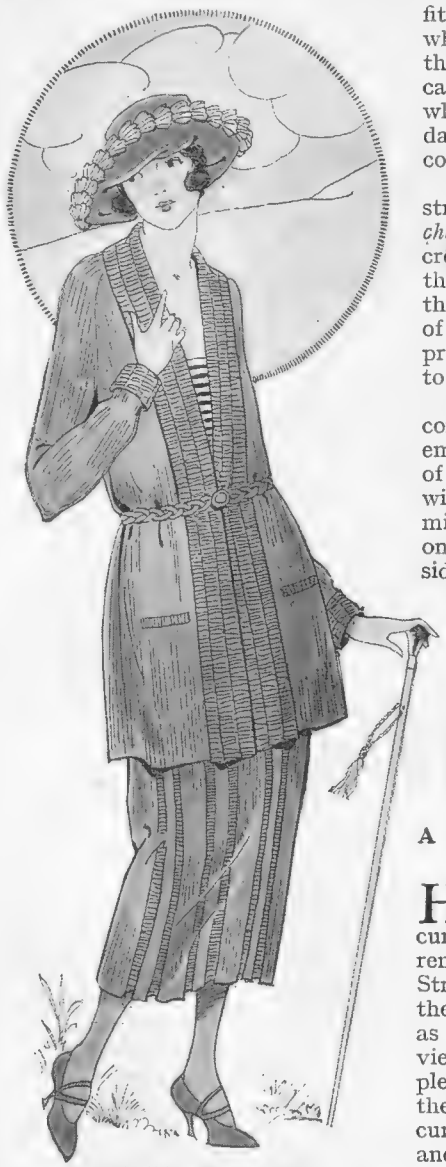
QUITE a distinctive line is being drawn once again between the elaborate reception teagown and the rest gown proper, and it is this latter theme that is being expounded with such characteristic zeal just now at Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road.

Having a reputation of enviable quality to live up to in this regard, the presiding heads of the ladies' outfitting department have not only sought the best and most exclusive sources for their inspirations, but have, furthermore, brought much individual taste to bear on the subject, and last, but by no means least, have succeeded in bringing out the most attractive results at prices accessible to really moderate purses.

Essentially seasonable, pretty, and practical is the gown depicted, a straight surplice of a novel white crêpey *voile*, patterned over in a design of china-blue. To this are fitted wide square sleeves of plain white *voile*, hemmed with the blue, the sides of the skirt opening on cascade draperies of white, finely whipped over in blue, a supremely dainty summer possession, and costing only 69*s.* 6*d.*

Of rose-coloured ratine narrowly striped with white is another little *chef d'œuvre*, the sleeves of white crêpe banded with the rose colour, the price of which is 49*s.* 6*d.*, and there are many more of a like kind of gown at similarly moderate prices, that have merely to be seen to be acquired.

In more ambitious efforts there comes a Rajah-red heavy georgette, embroidered across the lower part of the front of the skirt and bodice with small red sampler beads, mingled with larger white opaque ones. Slim and classic of *ligne*, the sides of this also fall into graceful cascaded panels, a lovely apricot-hued teagown being effected in crêpe de Chine and silk lace exactly in tone, the latter fashioning a yoke and wide hanging sleeves, a really remarkable production, this, at 6½ guineas, and also obtainable in powder-blue and vieux rose.



A KNITTED WOOL SUIT

This is carried out in pure grey wool, the skirt being box-pleated, through the medium of heavy ribbings, whilst the coat is belted and ribbed down the front. This comprises a model which at once marks its wearer as exceptionally well turned out

Sketched at Jaeger's by Betty Nisbet

AN ATTRACTIVE CREATION

This is a pretty and practical teagown, a straight surplice of white voile patterned over in a design of china-blue. It is a superbly dainty summer possession, and essentially cool

Sketched at Shoolbred's by Betty Nisbet

A Solution to the Superfluous Hair Trouble

HAVING not only heard, but seen, several extraordinary cures effected by Miss Helen Lawrence, of 167, Kensington High Street, I called at the above address the other day to learn at first hand as to the treatment, and the interview, it may be said at once, completely verified and confirmed all the reports as to the efficacy of this cure, and also its amazing simplicity and comparative painlessness.

That it is quite distinct and apart from all other treatments goes without saying, neither is it a depilatory nor electrolysis. Moreover, after a single treatment all but the really bad cases can carry on for themselves at home, that is to say, if the growth is merely on the lips and chin.

The first application of the fluid removes all superfluous hairs, but the process has to be continued to eradicate the roots. The most extended treatments in average cases is seldom more than a year, and meanwhile the hairs can be kept down, while the cure is guaranteed for all time by Miss Lawrence, who also deals with legs and arms; in fact, any part of the body that is disfigured by hirsute growth.

So fast, indeed, has her fame travelled Miss Lawrence has been compelled to make the ordinary skin and complexion treatments, in which she is equally skilled, more or less side issues, and sufferers will, furthermore, be interested to learn that the cost for this removal of superfluous hair is exceedingly moderate, only 10*s.* 6*d.* for the preliminary sitting and instructions

(*Continued on page 470*)

Ask for "4711" (BLUE AND GOLD LABEL)

It is the *Original* and Guaranteed Pure —Full strength—with the Lasting Fragrance.

It Beautifies the Complexion

A FEW DROPS in the washing basin daily cleanse the pores of the skin and improve the complexion.

Sold Everywhere.

No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

Leave a Night-light burning, to dispel the children's fears

PRICE'S

NIGHT LIGHTS

More Tennis WITH Motor Tyre Soles

TWICE the wear is certain in Bayside Shoes. Their Soles of genuine motor tyre rubber are tougher and last longer. More resilient and flexible than any other make of sole.

HOOD **Bayside** TENNIS SHOES

Ask for Baysides for the seaside, the river, the tennis courts. Stylish and smart.

EQUALLY smart and exceptionally durable are Hardkort Shoes, made specially for hard courts and rough wear. Thicker soles, with felt cushion and insulated sock lining.

HOOD **Hardkort** TENNIS SHOES

Prices:

BAYSIDES.

From

Gentlemen's - 8/6

Ladies' - - 7/6

HARDKORT.

From

Gentlemen's - 17/6

Ladies' - - 15/6

If any difficulty in obtaining these shoes, write us for name of nearest retailer.

HOOD RUBBER CO., LTD.

(C. W. Randall & Co., Ltd.)

141, High Street, Shoreditch, E. 1.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

and 12*s.* 6*d.* for a bottle of the hair destroyer, which lasts for three months. A sample bottle can, however, be had on application, together with a brochure.

A Display of Latest Fashions

AN exhibition of the latest English and French fashions is always of interest to the woman who makes a point of being up-to-date in her dress, but when such an event is coupled with the famous name of H. J. Nicoll and Co., of 114-120, Regent Street, W. 1, it automatically becomes a function of first importance—an occasion not to be missed under any circumstances. From May 15 to 19, inclusive, between the hours of 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. and 5 p.m., Nicoll's *mannequins* will display a really wonderful collection of summer costumes, coats, and skirts, coat-frocks and wrap-coats created by their own designers in London and Paris, as well as a number of models by artists of international repute. An invitation to attend these fashion parades is cordially extended by Messrs. Nicoll to all with an hour to spare.

Some Fine Art Reproductions

The beauty of Scotland, and of the Trossachs especially, holds an unrivalled affection in the hearts of all who can appreciate its vivid colouring and artistic effect, and those who know Mr. Sutton Palmer's work, as a painter of English landscape, know that he ranks very high in the depicting of nature as it is. Some impressions of his work may now be inspected at the art galleries of Frost and Reed, Ltd., Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W. 1, and they are well worth a visit.

A SCULPTURE EXHIBIT AT THE R.A.

A clever piece of work by E. Whitney-Smith of Mrs. Gerald Mangan which is being exhibited at this year's Academy

Particulars of his work and some facsimiles in colour can be obtained on application.

Zair's Whips

Made throughout of the very best materials procurable, and employing only the most skilled workmen, Zair's whips can be entirely relied on, and for style, durability, and finish they are unsurpassed. Messrs. Zair are again exhibiting at Olympia this year at the International Horse Show in June. All Zair whips are stamped with their name, and everyone should ascertain this before buying; they may be obtained of all good saddlers or from their own place at 117, Bishop Street, Birmingham.

A Guide for the Holidays

"The Swiss Travel Almanac, Summer, 1922," should certainly be on the shelf of all intending visitors, as it is indispensable to any English or American traveller visiting Switzerland during the coming summer. It may be obtained of all booksellers.

A New Novel

Baroness von Hutten's new novel, entitled *Mothers-in-Law*, is announced for publication by the House of Cassell on the 18th inst. The scene of the story is laid in Italy; it possesses the true Neapolitan air, and the love idyll which runs through it provides an intrigue which the author unfolds with the rare skill of an admirable literary artist. *Mothers-in-Law* is characteristic of the Baroness at her best.

The "LOWTHER" II.

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest soft Felt "Pull-on" Hat. Beautifully light in weight and absolutely waterproof, made in the "superfine" quality only. A most becoming Riding Hat, secure fitting, and for all sporting occasions, golf, etc.; the brim being quite flexible it can be adjusted to suit the wearer, and will also roll up to carry in the pocket. In nigger, tan, light brown, grey, mole, steel grey, black, white, champagne, lemon, cinnamon, cocoa, havana, and a variety of art shades. Price **30/-**

The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topees and Double Terais in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.

CATALOGUES POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

N.B.—Robert Heath, Ltd., have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

To H.M. Queen Alexandra, H.M. the Queen of Norway.

ROBERT HEATH
of Knightsbridge.

By Appointment

ONLY ADDRESS:
37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. 1.

When the Sun Shines

it shows up little spots and defects upon your clothes overlooked during dull winter days. To make them bright and fresh—in keeping with the bright days—they should be properly cleaned and pressed by reliable cleaners.

Achille Serre Ltd., have been recommended by the Leading Ladies' papers for many years. The Service is quick, dependable and inexpensive. Write for list of reduced prices.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office and Works,
Hackney Wick, London, E. 9.

Branches and Agents Everywhere.

K.S.D.b.

Gorringes

Exclusive Designs in Matrons' Gowns

Two smart examples from the large selection of exclusive new Gowns specially designed for matrons' wear now on view in the Costume Dept. They combine refined smartness of design with Gorringe's high standard of quality and economical price.

C. "CONSTANCE"

Matron's **GOWN** made in good Heavy Weight Crepe de Chine and designed on long becoming lines to give height and slender appearance to figure. Stocked in Elephant Grey and Nigger, Navy and Black, etc.

£7:7:0

C. "CONSTANCE"

POST ORDERS should be accompanied by remittance, or usual trade reference.

Gorringes pay carriage to any address in the U.K.

C. "DELPHINIUM"

Delightful **GOWN**, suitable for Matrons' wear, designed in good Crepe Marocain, with a long cross-over bodice, finished smart collar and revers of contrasting coloured Crepe de Chine. The long lines on skirt are accentuated with Broderie. Stocked in a variety of good colours, including Suede Grey, Nut Brown, Nigger. Also Black or Navy.

£8:8:0

C. "DELPHINIUM"

FREDERICK GORRINGE Ltd., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL!

BRITISH MODEL OVERLAND DE-LUXE TOURING CAR - - 395 gns.

BRITISH MODEL OVERLAND DE-LUXE TWO-SEATER
With Double Dickey - 380 gns.

PRICES OF OTHER OVERLAND MODELS ON REQUEST.

14, George Street, Port Talbot.
Dear Sirs. *February 20th, 1922.*

I feel I must write and let you know how pleased my family and myself are with the Modele-de-Luxe Overland Car you supplied me with last month.

I have kept the hood up ever since, it is as comfortable as any closed car.

My last run of 113 miles worked out at 30 and a fraction miles to the gallon, which I am sure is surprising with heavy road and hood up.

Yours faithfully,
(Original may be seen on request). (Signed) GEO. DAVISON.

Write for EVIDENCE FOLDER and Name of nearest Agent.

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Showrooms - - - 151-3 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

STRATHSPEY

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Aviemore is on the Main Line of the Highland Railway.
Leave Euston 7.30 p.m., arrive Aviemore 9.10 a.m. next morning without change.

Apply for Descriptive Booklet to the Manager.

COUPON

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THE
Bystander Title Competition No. 7.

The Editor of The Bystander offers a prize of FIVE GUINEAS to readers in Great Britain and Ireland for the best title to the picture (No. 7) reproduced on page 430 of this issue. Cut out this Coupon, fill in the space below in BLOCK LETTERING, and address it to:—

BYSTANDER TITLE COMPETITION No. 7,
Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. 4.

All attempts must reach this office not later than Wednesday, May 31. The Editor's decision will be final.

TITLE.

.....

Name.....

Address.....

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THE
Bystander Title Competition No. F1.

The Editor of The Bystander offers the following prizes to Foreign and Colonial readers for the best title to the picture (No. F. 1) reproduced in our issue of May 3.

1st Prize, £10 2nd Prize, £5 3rd Prize, £3

Cut out this Coupon, fill in the space below in BLOCK LETTERING, and address it to:—

BYSTANDER TITLE COMPETITION No. F 1,
Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, E.C.4., England.

All attempts must reach this office not later than Wednesday, June 14. The Editor's decision will be final.

TITLE.

.....

Name.....

Address.....

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By Appointment

HANDSOME WOOL-BACK SATIN DRESSING GOWN

Perfectly cut with slots at back for sash, and daintily finished with detachable Spotted Muslin Collar and Cuffs edged Valenciennes Lace. The "Walpole" cut and the rich quality of Satin ensure that charm and comfort so much desired in Dressing Gowns. Made in Pink, Saxe, Apricot, Vieux Rose, Parma, Fraise, Royal, or Sky. Remarkable Value.

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A selection can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer, kindly send London trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of goods the amount forwarded will be refunded.

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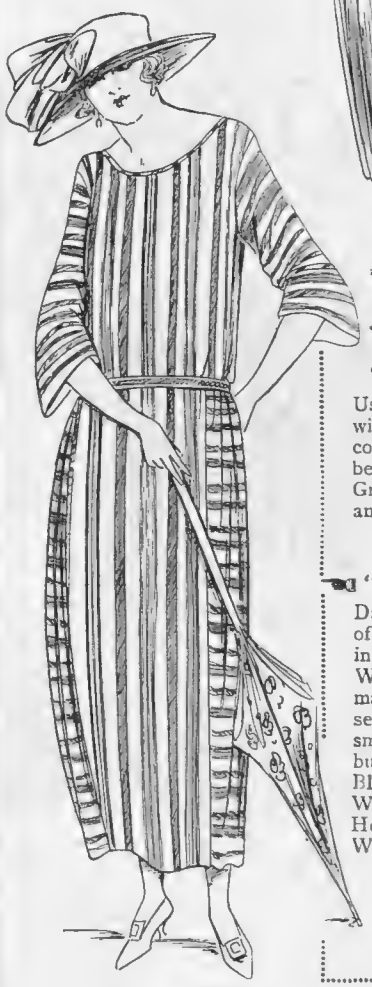
VOGUE & VALUE

For holiday wear—what more suitable than these two charming Gooch models? "Elfrida," warm and light—most appropriate for golf and cooler weather; "Kingston" — dainty and becoming — ideal for tennis and the sea. Both show the inimitable Gooch style—at moderate price.



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Useful wool costume, wide rib, long roll collar, pockets and belt. In White, Grey, Mole, Lemon, and Saxe. Price 59/6

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Dainty summer frock of good-quality washing Crêpe de Chine. Well-cut and simply made, ¾ length sleeves; self belt, adorned with small porcelain buttons. In White/Black, White/Navy, White/Brown, White/Helio, White/Orange, White/Nattier, White/Rose, White/Grey.
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The Family Doctor

says :—

Good toffee does good by stealth and that's how all the best kind of good is done.
Good toffee pleases the palate and then satisfies by nourishing.
By all means let the youngsters 'eat more good toffee,' and if I may venture to suggest the very best, my preference is for

Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe

Egg and Cream-de-Luxe **Cocoanut-de-Luxe** **Mint-de-Luxe**
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Plain Toffee-de-Luxe

Sold loose by weight at **8d.** per ¼-lb., also in "Baby" Tins at **1/3** each, "Tall" Tins **1/3** and **2/6** each, and 4-lb. "Family" Tins

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℗ J 1

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is the ideal Toilet Water for sick-room use: a refreshing addition to the washing water; indispensable when travelling or on a sea voyage; and is one of the few perfumes a man permits himself to use.

In tall square bottles, with sprinklers - - - **9/-** and **17/-**
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From your usual retailer, or direct (enclosing amount and postage) from

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You can buy higher-priced Shirts, or lower-priced Shirts, but in no other Shirt at any price will you get better value for your money.

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TOILET SOAPS

Supplied in the following odours:
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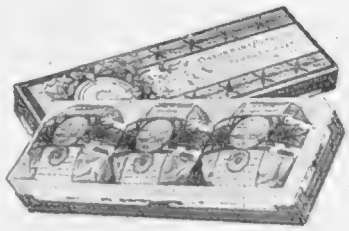

Roger & Gallet Toilet Soaps are made of the choicest materials, refined and pure, and are infused with the captivating perfumes for which the name of Roger & Gallet is world famous.

They leave the skin cool, refreshed, soothed and delicately fragrant, maintaining its fine soft texture.

Daintily packed, each box brings to you three large long-lasting Tablets at **4/6**. Obtainable from all high-class Stores, Drapers, and Chemists.

Roger & Gallet

You will best appreciate the Specialities of Roger & Gallet by sending for their miniature sample box of Fleur d'Amour Perfume and Powder, Eau de Cologne and Tooth Paste. Enclose 1/- P.O. to Roger & Gallet (London) Ltd., (Dept. S), 14, Poland Street, W.1.

℗S 2

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The NESTLÉ
PERMANENT HAIRWAVE

for bobbed hair, while hair, for blonde or brunette—

ONE of the chief reasons why our *clientèle* is the largest in London is because the Nestlé way to wavy hair is so much more pleasant—safer and quicker, too.

Many objectionable features of the old-time treatment, all of which were discarded by us several years ago, are still in use elsewhere—under new names.

Entrust your hair to the Nestlé method, and two hours later it will be waved into indescribable beauty, rippling with wide waves and curls, firm enough to last half a year—yet gloriously soft to the touch—easy to dress in any style—indistinguishable from hair which was wavy born.

It has taken nearly 17 years of persistent effort and research to make the Nestlé hair wave perfect—as it is to-day—the master process, so sure in results as to be almost uncanny. Experience tells—in permanent clients.

Nestlé wavings cost but 6/- a section

Our booklet B.1 explains all about the Nestlé wave in simple language. Will you not send for it to any of the addresses below?

C. NESTLÉ & Co., Ltd.

48, South Molton Street, W.1. ('Phone—Mayfair 2986.)
43, Dover Street, W.1. ('Phone—Regent 1934).
Telegrams—Kantist, Wesdo, London.

You can obtain the genuine Nestlé wave also at

South Africa—Joseph et Cie, Adderley St., Cape Town (*first entrance, 137, Longmarket St.*)
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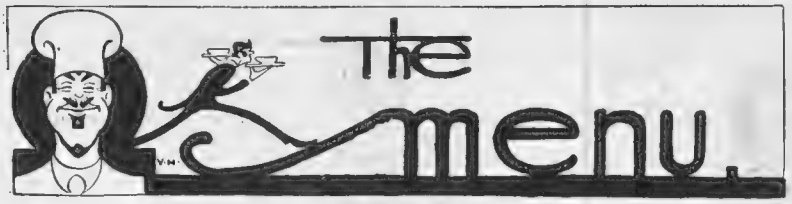
The only patented process



SOME CHEESE DISHES

Cheese Soufflé au Parmesan

Mix one teaspoonful of flour smoothly with half a pint of milk and a little salt and pepper; simmer the mixture over the fire, stirring all the time, till it is as thick as melted butter; stir into this 8 ozs. of Parmesan or Cheddar cheese; turn it into a basin and mix with the yolks of four well-beaten eggs. Whisk the whites to a stiff froth, and just before the soufflé is baked put them into it, and pour the mixture into a soufflé dish, which should only be half filled. Bake from twenty minutes to half an hour, and serve immediately.

Cold Cheese Soufflé

Whip a gill of cream with a gill of aspic jelly, stir in 3 ozs. of grated cheese, season to taste with pepper, salt, and made mustard. Serve in small china cases with grated cheese on the top.

Cheese Omelette

Break three eggs into a basin and whip them well, add salt and pepper and 2 ozs. of grated cheese, Cheddar or Parmesan. Melt 1 oz. of butter or margarine in a pan, when quite hot, pour in the egg mixture and stir quickly to prevent sticking. Keep shaking the pan, spread it over the bottom to let it cook through, and watch it very carefully. When just set, put a knife under the omelette and fold it over. When of a pale brown colour, turn it out of the pan into a hot dish, and serve at once.

Cheese Sauce

Make a white roux with rather more than 1 oz. of butter or margarine, when it is melted put in a heaped dessertspoonful of flour and stir till the mixture drops off the spoon, now add half a pint of boiling milk, continue stirring, and then add a heaped-up tablespoonful of grated cheese. The yolk of an egg added is an improvement, but not a necessity. The sauce should be thick and creamy and very hot.

Cheese Straws

Make a paste with 6 ozs. of flour, 4 ozs. of butter, 3 ozs. of grated cheese, and as little water as possible; season it with salt, pepper, and a sprinkling of cayenne, roll it out thin, cut into strips four inches long, brush over with yolk of egg, and bake in a rather hot oven until a light brown. Serve hot. The cheese straws look attractive if eight or ten are tied loosely together with baby ribbon and placed at each person's plate at table, but in that case they must be served cold.

EMILIA

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED BY THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS.

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, by the special cultures it contains, purifies the system and aids the digestion of other foods.

It is soft, creamy and delicious, with a mild Cheddar flavour, and is the only Cheese to which a Gold Medal has ever been awarded by the International Medical Congress.

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O'COAT 40/-; SUIT 50/-; LADY'S COSTUME 55/-

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Send along at once. Carriage Paid One Way.

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Established 1903. Please mention *The Bystander.*

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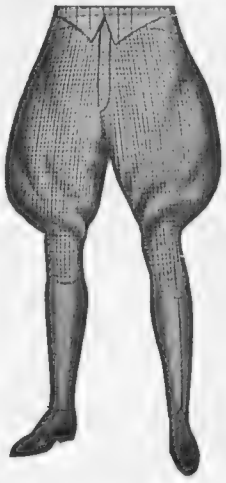

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Since 1740, Booth's name has been associated with all that is best in Wines and Spirits.

In addition to the celebrated matured Dry Gin, there is Ginger Gin, Sloe Gin, and many other liqueurs, each one of the same high standard of quality which has been maintained for nea.., two centuries.

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EAT MORE SALADS

—but never—never—without

GOODALL'S SALAD CREAM

WHEN you are making a salad, you can either *hope* for it to be a good one or you can make *sure* it will be exactly *right.* The one thing needed to make the difference is GOODALL'S SALAD CREAM.

To make that warm-weather joy, a perfect salad, you just take young, tender, crisp lettuce, a little mustard and cress, wafer-thin slices of tomato and cucumber, a Spring onion or two—and then, to blend the varied flavours, into a faultless, harmonious whole, pour over a few spoonfuls of GOODALL'S Salad Cream.

Every day serve a heaping bowl of salad—

IN a few years, when the World is wiser, everybody will have salads every meal. But why not let *your* family have the big benefit of salads *now* and throughout the season? Pure blood, glowing health, rose-leaf complexions will be your reward

Remember that Goodall's Salad Cream is as vital with salads as salt with an egg, or Yorkshire Relish with cold meat. So never—never risk serving a salad without the essential addition of Goodall's Salad Cream.

Buy it from any good grocer at reduced 1922 prices. If yours hasn't it please send us his name and we will tell you of a grocer in your district who has a supply.

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS

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JOYFULLY goes a man for a shave when Colgate's Shaving Stick awaits him.
Smooth and smiling from the bathroom he emerges.
Clouds of foam he leaves behind him—but never a cloud on his brow.

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

1/3

Everywhere

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Send this Coupon (or mention this paper), with your name and address, and enclose 2d. stamp, to Colgate & Co., as under, and you will receive a generous trial box of Shaving Stick free.

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A Complete Hairdressing Service For Ladies, Gentlemen & Children

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For the Outdoor Man & Woman

FOX'S PUTTEES are the most hygienic leg-covering—giving full weather protection combined with comfort. The spiral fit and non-fray edges ensure ease and smartness—the super-quality material guarantees long wear and good appearance.

Regulation Heavy-weight, 9/- per pair.
Extra Fine Light-weight, 11/- per pair. Extra Fine Light Shade, 12/- per pair.
Ladies' Puttees :—With Spats (detachable 1/- extra).. .. .. 12/6 ,,
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CAUTION. See that the name 'FOX' is on the metal discs (right and left), attached to every genuine pair of FOX'S New Non-Fray Spiral Puttees.

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Made in various colours and shades

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Economy *for* Pipe Smokers

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THREE NUNS Tobacco

is a fragrant mixture without a particle of dust or waste, always fresh, giving the same perfect satisfaction down to the last shred. Its slow-burning properties also make for economy.

Sold everywhere in the following packings only

Packets—1-oz. 1/2—2-oz. 2/4 Tins—2-oz. 2/5—4-oz. 4/8

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719

EXCLUSIVE TEA GOWNS

This fashionable and exclusive Tea Gown is a copy of one of the newest Paris models, and is made by our workers from rich quality novelty silk material with a bright lustrous effect, and is a most graceful and becoming garment.

ELEGANT TEA GOWN (as sketch) in rich quality novelty silk material, with a bright lustrous effect, cut on long graceful lines, caught at one side with handsome motif with either fringe or tassel finish, long wing sleeves of chiffon to tone which also form a train. In Black, White, Cyclamen, Electric Blue, Grey, Flame and Rose.

PRICE

18½ Gns.

Catalogue post free.

Debenham & Freebody
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LADIES' STOCKINGS OF RELIABLE QUALITY

Fine quality wool and mercerised Hose, fully fashioned with spliced feet, suitable for town or country wear, in mixtures of Putty, Covert, Coating, Fawn, Brown, Grey, Steel or Toney.

7/6 *per pair.*

Pure Silk Hose, strengthened with lisle feet and garter tops, exceptionally good wearing, in Black and White.

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Super-quality lisle Hose, fully fashioned with embroidered silk clox, delightfully soft and perfect fitting, in Black, White, and all colours.

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French dropstitch lisle Hose, reinforced feet, most effective and perfect fitting, in Fawn, Beaver, Silver, Grey, Nigger, Tan, Toney, Putty, Black and White.

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Good quality artificial silk Hose, with open lace clox strengthened with lisle feet and garter tops, in Nigger, Putty, Grey and Black.

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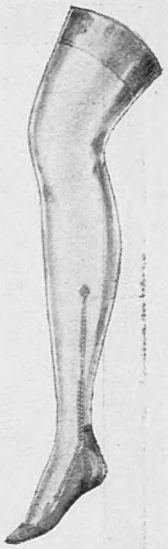
A large assortment of girls' wool, spun silk or lisle Hose always in stock.



Pure Silk Hose with open lace clox, reinforced feet and wide garter tops, most reliable and well fitting, in Putty, Nigger, Mole, Smoke, Silver and White.

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PURE SILK MILANESE UNDERWEAR

DURING the last few years Milanese Silk Underwear has become extremely fashionable owing to its good wearing and washing qualities. We have designed a number of attractive garments in Milanese, and shall sell them at prices which are very little in advance of those prevailing in pre-war days.

Ladies' good quality Pure Silk Milanese **COMBINATIONS.** Low neck, no sleeves. Embroidered and hemstitched (as sketch). In White, Pink, Lemon, Black.

PRICE

35/9

Opera shape **31/9**
Opera shape, super-quality **42/6**

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LIMITED
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Sent on approval.

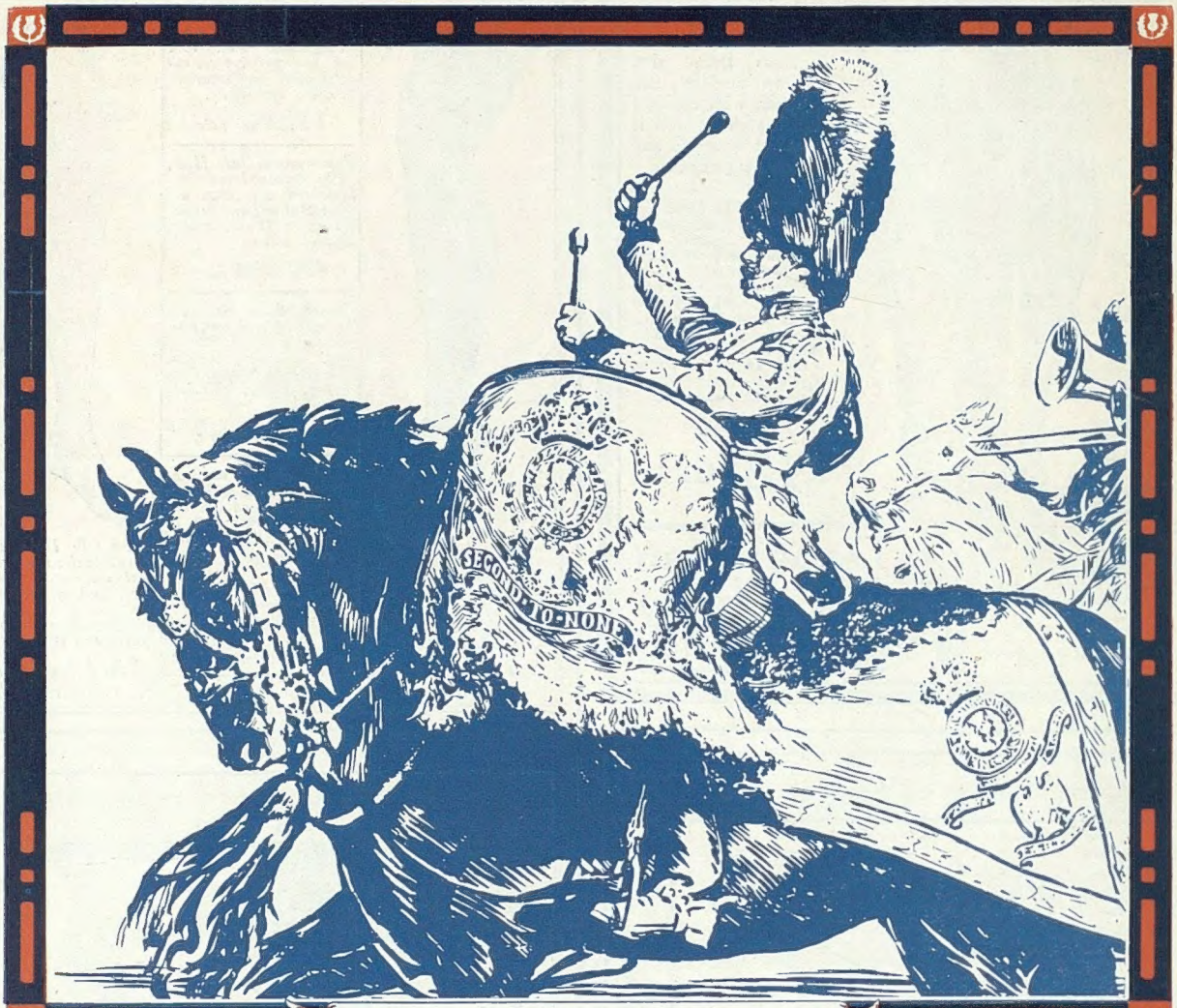
Chivers' Olde English Marmalade

"The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table"

"The GREYS"

The *BIG* CIGARETTE with the Choice Flavour

The "GREYS" in Peace time: Is there a braver sight in military pomp and circumstance than the drummer of the "GREYS"? Swaggering on his mettlesome horse, he raps out a martial rhythm on his kettledrums, entrancing the eye of the youth and accelerating the pulse of the most lethargic who watch his prancing progress.



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Actual dimensions of a "GREYS" Cigarette. 100 *for* 7/-

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